

SIR JOHN FRENCH ON OUR "MARKED SUPERIORITY"

# The Daily Mirror

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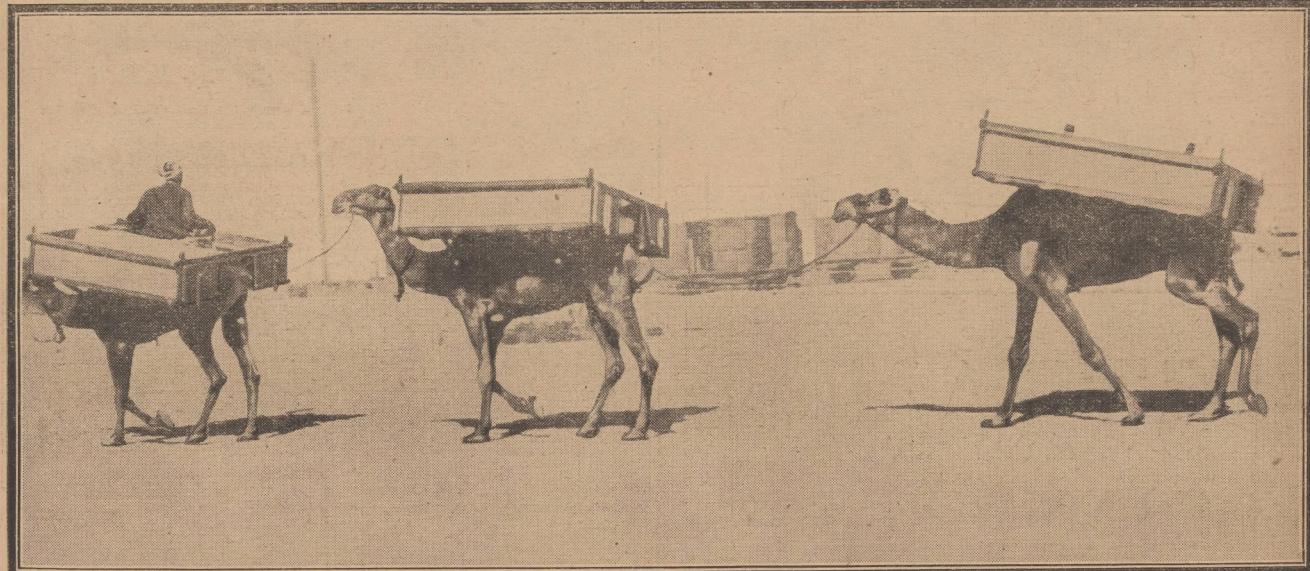
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1915

16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

THE CAMEL AMBULANCE: AN INGENIOUS METHOD OF CARRYING WOUNDED SOLDIERS ACROSS THE DESERT.

9.11949

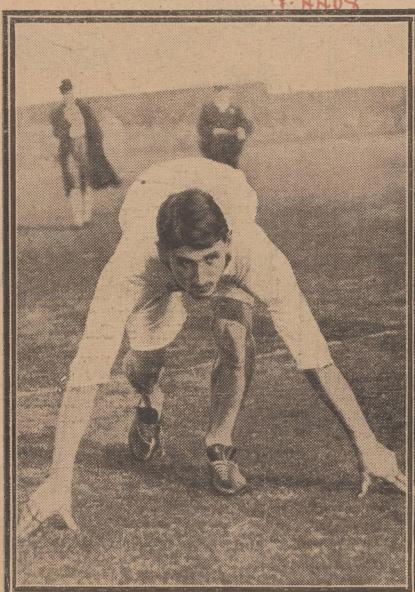


Though the motor-car has largely replaced the horse, the camel, which from time immemorial has been used as a beast of burden in the East, refuses to be ousted by any

new-fangled inventions. In the desert it is still indispensable, and is now being used for carrying the wounded in the manner shown.

THE ARMY'S FINEST ATHLETE.

P. 11908



Captain Wyndham Halswell, who has been killed in action. He was probably the finest athlete the Army ever produced, and held the amateur record for both the 300 and 400 yards.

COLONEL'S HEROIC END.

P. 11909



Lieutenant-Colonel G. B. McAndrew, who, though mortally wounded, thought only of his regiment. His leg was shattered at Neuve Chapelle, but he insisted on being propped up, and watched the assault until death claimed him. And never a word did he utter about himself in his agony.

APRIL 1 IS ALL FOOLS' DAY.

9.11909



This picture is reproduced from a Berlin illustrated paper, and shows Germany crowned with victory and holding a laurel wreath. All that is written underneath is "April 1, 1915." This explains everything.



OPENS TO-MORROW

The  
**"STRAND  
 CORNER HOUSE"**

(Just West of Charing Cross Station).

IN this, one of the most magnificent light refreshment houses in Europe, the tariff is exactly the same as that of LYONS' CORNER HOUSE IN COVENTRY STREET, which, as you know, has been phenomenally successful.

Points of Interest.  
 Breakfasts from 7 a.m.

Light Luncheons. Light Dinners  
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**POPULAR PRICES.**

Proprietors :

**J. LYONS & Co., Ltd.**

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This Watch  
 cost  
**£10,000**

INCLUDING the cost of the new machinery it took to make it, the first new thin model 5/- Ingersoll cost over £10,000. Ten thousand pounds invested just to make the

**Ingersoll**  
 Crown 5/- Watch

a little better looking. A lot of money—but worth it when you think how very many watches this expenditure will improve.

It is the millions of you who have bought Ingersoll Watches—the more on the mere improvement of these—the lowest priced reliable pocket timekeepers in the world, than can be spent in the creation of the expensive watches made for the few. The Ingersoll is the finest piece of mechanism the world has ever seen for 5/-, a product worth a year of skilled watchmaker's time for the cost of a ditch digger's daily wage.

See the new thin 5/- Ingersoll—and marvel at it—and get your share of the benefit by buying one to have as your own.

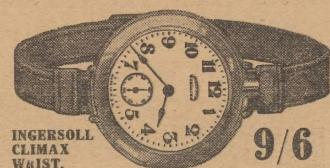
The Ingersoll Series includes:—

Crown, 5/-; Eclipse, 6/-; Junior, 8/-; Wrist, 9/-; Reliance, 15/-; Sterling, 18/-.

All Ingersoll models may be had with luminous points and hands at 2/- extra, or with luminous hands at 5/- extra. They are invaluable to Officers and Soldiers on Active Service.

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 MIXTURE.**



6d. PER OUNCE. 2/- QUARTER POUND TINS.

**LUNTIN**  
 MEDIUM CIGARETTES,  
 10 FOR 3d. 100 FOR 2/6.  
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THE REMAINING PORTION OF £30,000 of genuine high-class Second-hand Furniture, Carpets, Bedsteads, Bedding, Linen, Effect of the Hotel, removed for convenience of sale by order of the Liquidators, NO REASONABLE OFFER WILL BE REFUSED, FOR CASH ONLY.

Full particulars in Illustrated Catalogue, sent free on application. Goods selected at once will be stored free till required or delivered packed and forwarded to any part of the Kingdom. Terms of payment are on delivery.

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 Solid oak bedsteads, fitted with spring mattresses, at 17s. 6d. Large chests of drawers at 17s. 6d. Bedding, including Egyptian art bedclothes, carpets, 10s. 6d. Upholstered lounge and chairs, 12s. 6d. Spring seat upholstered oak ottomans, 14s. 6d. Solid oak seat upholstered chairs, 14s. 6d. Solid oak seat upholstered armchairs, 14s. 6d. Organ. Dining room furniture, 9s. 6d.

The DINING ROOMS, Reception Rooms, Smoking Rooms, Drawing Rooms, etc., comprising a splendid collection of furniture, including a large and magnificent set of dining-room furniture in carved brown oak being offered complete for £19. 10s. and another complete set of dining-room furniture, 10s. 6d.

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"Fancy! cakes  
 in war time"

"I have had a really good time—washed, shaved, good bed, (blanket, overcoat and straw), and managed to get hold of fresh butter, milk chocolate, soap, candles, and as many cakes as I could pay for. Never had such a time since I have been out at the War. Fancy! cakes in war time!"

(Extract from a Soldier's letter to his chum)

**Send him a Cake.**

You could not offer your boy in camp, or at the front, any greater treat than a good wholesome home-made cake—like those he used to get at home. Send him one this week. With

**Paisley Flour**  
 The SURE rais'g powder

to help, you can easily make a most delicious cake—a Madeira Cake or Caravane Cake—well raised, wholesome and nourishing. Recipes for these in every packet.

Mix one part of "Paisley Flour" with eight parts of ordinary flour, dry, before adding the other ingredients.

Brown & Polson's Corn Flour fame, Brown & Polson's Paisley Flour.

## LONDON VOLUNTEERS WHO ARE EXPERT AT BRIDGE BUILDING AND MINING.



Three cheers for their host, Mr. Sibley, who is seen standing by the officer on horseback. He placed his park at the disposal of the corps.



The men crossing a bridge which they have built themselves.

The Wandsworth Volunteer Training Corps, which spent Easter in camp at Harpenden, was formed when the war broke out, and numbers 2,000 men. They are all Londoners between the ages of forty and sixty-five, and their commanding officer has

written several military books, including "Britain in Arms." The men are experts at bridge building, trench digging and mining, and their work has been very highly commended by officers of the Regular Army.



Learning to creep for sniping.

## REFRACTORY MOTOR-CAR.



This Red Cross motor-car slipped off the platform, and had to be lifted back by these British soldiers. It was a stiff job.

## TENT FOR CAVALRY HORSE.



German cavalry horse which has a nice, comfortable tent. The picture was taken at an encampment in a forest in the Argonne district.

## WOMAN SEXTON QUARREL.



Miss S. J. Hill, sexton at Crowland Abbey (Lincs), who was dismissed by the rector. The vestry has re-elected her.

## WAS 'MAGGIE' LURED AWAY BY 'OLD MAN'?

Police Anxious to Trace Child's Mushroom Shaped Hat.

## "WOMAN IN RICH FURS."

The murder of little Margaret Nally, the pretty seven-year-old Paddington girl, at Aldersgate Underground Station, is proving one of the most baffling mysteries of the past twenty years.

Though the chances of tracing the murderer are not good, the police have three clues on which to work—

Statement by a child and a woman that Maggie was seen with an old man.

The piece of fur which was stuffed as a gag into the child's mouth.

The fact that the child's hat was missing. If the hat can be traced the police investigation would be aided considerably.

The child's hat was of navy blue felt and of a mushroom shape. It was trimmed with a wreath of white rosebuds or daisies, and it had an elastic band at the chin. The band may have been broken.

### WHAT SHOPWOMAN SAW.

The little girl, Alice Scott, who was Maggie Nally's last playmate, is only five or six years old. She is a rosy-cheeked, fair-haired little girl, of rather more than average intelligence for her age.

She visited a sweetshop in Carlisle-street yesterday, and the following conversation took place between her and a neighbour. She said she left Maggie in the street on Sunday night.

The neighbour: Where was Maggie going?

Alice: Home.

The neighbour: Did you see if there was a

strange man with Maggie?—Yes.

Where was he?—In the street.

What kind of man was he?—An old man.

Did Maggie go with him?—Yes.

Mrs. Walker, who keeps a sweetshop in Burn-street, which is a continuation of Carlisle-street, stated yesterday that she saw an old man giving some pudding to some children in the street. She ran out and asked the old man to take it back. The old man replied: "Oh, it is quite good, and I will not do them any harm."

A story is going the round of Carlisle-street to the effect that a woman in rich furs was seen offering sweets to some little girls.

### HUNDREDS OF LETTERS.

Hundreds of letters have been received from people advancing theories or claiming to have seen Maggie Nally on Sunday, but all to no purpose.

Yesterday several people visited the mortuary to see if they could recognise the child as one they had seen during Sunday evening, but they could not do so.

The theory that the little girl was decoyed away by a man dressed as a woman is discounted by the police. *The Daily Mirror* was also informed yesterday that the clue of the finger prints offers nothing feasible to work upon.

There is still hope that some member of the public who really saw Maggie Nally in the company of a second person may yet come forward.

The photograph published in yesterday's *Daily Mirror* should be of assistance in recognising the child, though all the photographs published were taken when the child was several years younger.

### WHERE MAGGIE WAS LAST SEEN.

It is, therefore, important also to take into account this description of the child as she was on the day she was murdered.

Her hair was fair, tied with a pink ribbon, eyes grey; face full. Dressed in a grey coat with brown belt on in the collar; white pinafore with a bright flower sash; frock of dark red; black button boots.

The police are directing their energies to tracing the movements of the child between the time she was last seen, until her body was discovered in the waiting-room.

The house in which the child was last seen is almost at the opposite end of Carlisle-street to Edgware-road Station, where it is thought probable the murderer joined the train with the little girl.

It is possible, however, that the murderer decoyed the little girl near her own home, which is in Amherst-road, Paddington.

It is quite feasible that the child really did go homewards after leaving her tiny friend, Alice Scott, who was the last to see her alive, in Carlisle-street, Edgware-road.

If the murderer did find Maggie Nally near her own home, he may have joined a Metropolitan train direct for Aldersgate at Royal Oak, or at Bishop's-ryd, Paddington.

The inquest will be opened to-morrow.

### K. OF K'S MOVE TO GET LABOUR.

The Secretary to the War Office announced last night that Lord Kitchener has appointed a committee of ten to take necessary steps to provide such additional labour as may be required to secure that the supply of munitions of war shall be sufficient to meet all requirements.

Communications in regard to this subject should be addressed to George M. Booth, Esq., War Office, S.W.

### PRINCE LEOPOLD AS AIDE-DE-CAMP.

Prince Leopold of Battenberg, a lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, has been appointed, says last night's *Gazette*, as aide-de-camp on the personal staff.

## PAPER OF SURPRISES.

Splendid New Features in Next Number of the "Sunday Pictorial."

### "IT'S SIMPLY WONDERFUL."

"It's simply wonderful. The coming of the *Sunday Pictorial* is something to be thankful for. It has changed my Sunday morning for me. The old-fashioned Sunday paper never interested me, it was obviously intended for people who had not seen the week's news. The *Sunday Pictorial* is not only the paper for me, but for the whole of my family."

The above letter from a Brixton reader is fairly representative of some 800 letters that were yesterday on the table of the Editor of *The Sunday Pictorial*. They were from readers of *The Sunday Pictorial* and each one showed that London's best Sunday picture paper has been read and appreciated.

Not only were all the letters appreciative, but many contained much helpful criticism. They were letters from men and women to whom Sunday is a precious day of rest, and who have leisure on that day to appreciate first-class photographs and good reading matter.

That the *Sunday Pictorial* is being brought out on the right lines is shown by the ever-widening circle of readers.

The aim of making it a complete family paper is always before its producers, who so vary the contents that the paper is bound to interest everybody, while its high tone makes it impossible for anyone to be offended.

For example, there are many surprises in the many features that have made the *Sunday Pictorial* the Sunday paper that matters will be extended and, wherever possible, improved. Clearly London has taken the *Sunday Pictorial* to its heart.

## CALL OF THE DRUM.

### Labour Delegate's Advice to Follow "To Platform Rather Than to Platoon."

How members of the Independent Labour Party regard the war was shown yesterday at the conference at Norwich.

During a discussion of recruiting, Mr. Norman (London) condemned any system of recruiting which was influenced by economic or social pressure, and said the campaign with which the Labour Party had been identified was deplored.

Another delegate, Mr. Carnegie, of Dundee, said that he advised those of whom he felt they should follow the drum to follow it to the platform rather than to the platoon, to the trenches rather than to the trenches.

A resolution was carried expressing the opinion that the Government should immediately despatch the terms upon which Britain was prepared to negotiate peace.

Mr. G. Allen, of London, asked for a disclosure of the British peace terms, so that they could be used in the formation of opinion by the anti-war party.

A delegate from Stockport said he believed that Germany could be got out of Belgium more effectively by agreement than by armed force.

Mr. Coplin, of Ilford, voicing a minority of the delegates, said that if Britain had not gone to the assistance of Belgium and France our own shores would not have been so inviolate as to enable the I.L.P. to visit Norwich so safely. Some members felt that the drum was calling them and they ought to go.

## PRIMROSE WEDDING TO-DAY.

At the marriage of Mr. Neil Primrose, younger son of Lord Rosebery, to the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Derby, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, this afternoon, the Bishop of Liverpool will officiate.

Lord Derby will give his daughter away, and Mr. Agar-Robartes, M.P., will act as best man. Mr. Agar-Robartes and Mr. Primrose are close personal friends.

## PRISON FOR LETTER SMUGGLER.

A strange story was told yesterday at Prestbury, Cheshire, when Herbert Greenwood, from the canteen at Handforth German prisoners' camp, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

He was charged with permitting a letter intended for a prisoner named Herting, to be sent under cover to his address, and his intention to deliver it to Herting. This is the first case of the kind under the Defence of the Realm Act.

Evidence showed that the letter was found enclosed in another to Greenwood, and that Mrs. Herting had asked a newsagent to send a letter to Greenwood, who would hand it to her husband. When seen by the police Greenwood denied all knowledge of Mrs. Herting and of the letter. When he was searched a further letter was found in a case.

## HEART-BROKEN GIRL'S SUICIDE.

"It has properly broken my heart when I think that I shall never see my Tom again. I cannot live any longer. Perhaps I may join him in the hereafter."

Such were some of the poignant phrases contained in the letter left by Emily Nelly Edmonds, a domestic servant, aged seventeen, whose body was found in the Thames at Petersham.

At a Richmond inquest yesterday a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned, and it was stated that her sweetheart—a private in the East Surrey Regiment—was killed at the front last week.

## CAPTAIN'S DEAD WIFE.

Husband's Story at Inquest of Complaints of "Poisoning."

### DOCTOR'S TREATMENT.

Remarkable evidence was given at an inquest opened yesterday at Willingdon, near Eastbourne, concerning the death of Mrs. Mary Woodman, wife of Captain L. C. Woodman (Sussex Yeomanry), of the Old Manor House, Willingdon, and daughter of Lady Birwick. Mrs. Woodman died on Good Friday, and her husband demanded an inquiry into the circumstances.

Captain Woodman said his wife had an operation in Paris in July, and since that she was subject to an internal complaint. In March she went to Dr. Tunnicliffe, of Harley-street, who prescribed a diet for internal trouble to be given by Dr. Emerson, of Eastbourne, to whom he sent directions.

Dr. Emerson gave four injections of a certain extract ordered, and Mrs. Woodman then complained of intense pain and a swelling about the size of a sancer.

She refused to have any more injections and repeatedly said she had been poisoned. She refused to have Dr. Emerson in the house again, and sent a telegram to Dr. Tunnicliffe to take her.

Captain Woodman said that four days before his wife died she was in extreme pain, broke down twice, burst into tears, and said she had been poisoned.

Both Dr. Emerson and Dr. Tunnicliffe assured witness that it was unlikely that Mrs. Woodman had been poisoned.

Dr. Emerson was astonished when told of her death, and told Dr. Emerson and Dr. Farnell, who was also called in, that he thought his wife had been poisoned and that he would insist on the fullest inquiry.

The doctors replied that death was due to erysipelas.

Dr. Wilcox, who made a post-mortem examination, said that in his opinion the cause of death was heart failure, due to septic poisoning, a result of the last two injections. The inquest was adjourned.

## WHAT FLOWER BEDS HID.

### German Prisoners Who Made Tunnel for Escape Under Pretence of Gardening.

#### (From Our Own Correspondent)

MARSDEN, April 6.—A clever attempt to escape on the part of the German officers who are prisoners at Philibards, near Maidstone, has just come to light.

Recently some of the prisoners developed a remarkable taste for gardening at the rear of the mansion, and some extensive raised flower beds gave evidence of their industry.

A few days ago the suspicious of a British officer were aroused when he kept special observation, as it was finally called, in an outsider's garden to lay down drain-pipes in the vicinity of the flower beds.

Very soon the workman's pick struck something which gave out a hollow sound.

Further excavations showed that the German prisoners had made a tunnel from eight to twelve yards long, two feet high and two feet wide, and that it was ingeniously eaved with wooden beams, which appeared to have been used to remove the mould.

The prisoners had also cut through the thick concrete foundation of a high brick wall, and would in all probability have escaped had their plan not been discovered.

It is supposed that most of the work was done in the night time.

## ESCAPED OFFICERS IN LONDON?

The two German officers—Lieutenant von Sanders Leber and Lieutenant Hans Hauer—escaped from the concentration camp near Denbigh, are still at large.

The military authorities and police of Denbighshire yesterday had a clue to the missing officers.

It is stated that the fugitives crossed the hills to Llantilio and Ruabon, and took train for London.

## SOLDIER GIVES LIFE FOR BOY.

A seven-year-old schoolboy named John Ferguson was drowned last evening off Musselburgh Beach through getting adrift in a pleasure boat, and Private Laurence Gilmour, aged nineteen, of the Royal Scots, was drowned while attempting to rescue him.

The boy, with others, had been at play, and had launched the boat without authority. Gilmore and two military companions entered a small boat which had been left.

The boy's boat sank, and Gilmour, quitting his boat, swam to the assistance of the boy. He clasped the boy, but both sank and were drowned. The rescue boat also sank, and the two occupants got ashore with difficulty.

## 262 NEW BRITISH SUBJECTS.

The rush to become British subjects still continues.

Last night's *London Gazette* contained the names of 262 persons to whom naturalisation papers had been granted. They included people of all occupations and of all nationalities.

Notable amongst them is the Chief Jewish Rabbi, Dr. Hertz, who was formerly an American subject.

## NATION READY TO FOLLOW THE KING?

His Majesty's Example Said To Have Solved Prohibition Question.

## WORKERS ANSWER APPEAL

What will be the effect of the King's noble example in forbidding the use of wines, beer and spirits in the royal households?

It was stated yesterday that the Cabinet—at least for the present—are not entertaining the idea of total prohibition.

The royal suggestion is that it is hoped and expected that the lead given by the King and Lord Kitchener will have such an influence upon the nation that the drink problem will be solved without the need of any drastic legislation.

The policy of the Government in regard to the drink question will, it is stated, be under the consideration of the Cabinet at its meeting to-day.

There is a growing appreciation in political circles of the difficulties which would be caused by the comprehensive question if total prohibition were to be adopted.

A number of Liberal M.P.s are actively canvassing in favour of drastic restrictions on the sale of beer to make it a compulsory lowering of the alcoholic standard of beer as a practicable and useful policy.

### ALL OFFERED TO GIVE UP DRINK.

How immediate has been the effect of the King's example is shown by the fact that yesterday all the employees of Messrs. Harrods who have meals on the premises offered unanimously to give up alcoholic drinks for the future.

Referring to the King's action, the Bishop of Liverpool said yesterday: "I am most thankful for the King's example of self-sacrifice. We ought to be proud of our King."

The stream of letters which has poured into the Treasury the last few days for the Chancellor of the Exchequer from people in favour of total prohibition during the war abated yesterday, when postal deliveries were almost normal.

Only some 300 letters were received on the subject. Altogether it is estimated that between 70,000 and 90,000 answers to the appeal have been sent by people of all ranks and classes.

### VICAR'S SUGGESTION IGNORED.

At the shipyards and factories on Tyneside producing war material, workmen turned in yesterday after the Easter holiday with very fervent hearts. An official stated that it was largely due to the King and Lord Kitchener's appeal. Formerly at holiday time there were many abstentions from work.

The vicar of Dudley parish church, the principal one in the Black Country, suggested at a vestry meeting yesterday that the example of the King and Lord Kitchener to abstain from alcohol should be copied, and that a motion to this effect was submitted.

The newly appointed warden objected, and said that the prohibition of drink was a slur on the working man. The vestry by a unanimous vote ignored the vicar's suggestion and passed on to the next business.

## £500 FOR INNOCENT WOMAN

### Wrongly Convicted Wife Says Her Children's Prayers Have Been Answered.

Mrs. Mary Johnson, the Redhill woman who served two terms of imprisonment as the result of a wrong conviction, has received £500 from the Treasury as compensation.

She stated yesterday that she had placed the amount in the hands of Father O'Leary, of Woolwich and late of Redhill, for safe keeping.

"It is a very great burden off my mind," said Mrs. Johnson, "and thank God the prayers of my children have been answered!

"I have suffered terribly, as my only sister, who implicitly believed in my innocence, died broken little children."

"We were persecuted for three years and were driven out of Redhill in disgrace."

"For five months my husband could not obtain any work. He had to sell up part of the furniture and his horse and lorry to obtain food."

She bears no malice towards the woman who has ruined my life, but how thankful I am that the guilty party has been brought to justice!"

### "LEG OF MUTTON" MODE.

The little early Victorian hat has already returned, and now it is rumoured from Paris that the leg-of-mutton sleeve is imminent, but it will not be welcomed.

Some puffed sleeves entirely alter the silhouette of a woman's figure. They used to be worn with the wasp waist, so that the prospect of leg-of-mutton sleeves suggests a revival of the wasp waist.

The day of the tiny little neat sleeve that any dressmaker could make is over, and the complicated sleeve is in fashion.

Some times it is made of transparent material, but is frilled around the cuff.

Other sleeves have an over-sleeve—that is, a little shoulder puff over the long, straight demure sleeve.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Generally unsettled, with rain; mist in places; some fair periods. Moderate temperature.

# BRITISH MINE ATTACK STOPS GERMAN ACTIVITY AT LA BASSEE

Explosion Under Enemy's Lines Wrecks 100 Yards of Trench.

## HOW TOMMY IS MAKING THE HUN HIDE.

British Capture Southern Capital of South West Africa Without a Blow.

## ADVANCING FRENCH CAPTURE OBSERVATION PEAK.

British troops are leaving their mark on the German position at La Bassee, "the impregnable."

Sir John French, in his report issued yesterday—the first, by the way, since March 22—states that the British troops by exploding a mine under the German trenches near La Bassee, quelled all the enemy's activity in the district.

In the assault 100 yards of a German trench and part of a brick stack were destroyed.

Tommy Atkins is showing his superiority as a sniper, and so successful is he that the German snipers have been almost silenced on the British left wing.

Considerable advance, Paris reported last night, has been made by the French at several points. During recent attacks in the Woerw, six German battalions were destroyed.

The German pirates have sunk a Cardiff steamer, the Northlands, and a trawler, the Acantha. In so great a hurry was the pirate chief to sink the steamer that he only gave the crew two minutes in which to quit their vessel.

## WHAT "NOTHING DOING" MEANS AT FRONT.

Sir John French Says Tommy's Individual Work Is of Great Value.

Sir John French's bi-weekly report, issued yesterday, was as follows:—

The situation still remains quiet on our front. A change in the weather has limited the possibility of activity on the part of our airmen.

In the early morning of Saturday we successfully exploded a mine under the German trenches in the neighbourhood of La Bassee.

A length of 100 yards of trench and part of a brickstack were destroyed.

As a result all German activity in the immediate neighbourhood was quelled.

The German artillery, however, have subjected our front in that quarter to a heavy bombardment.

On our extreme left the local superiority obtained by our snipers has been rewarded by the coming of communication with the front on the front line of trenches has been carried on.

In this connection I would like to point out that although no communiqués have been sent since March 22, owing to lack of any incidents worthy of special mention, yet individual activities have been of daily and nightly occurrence along the whole front.

The general effect of these activities, in which our troops continue to show the marked superiority already recorded, is cumulative, and of great military value.

## MINE LAYERS DRIVEN OFF.

AMSTERDAM, April 6.—A correspondent of the *Telegraaf* gives some interesting details of the British naval operations off Zeebrugge last Saturday and Sunday.

Two German mine layers were actively engaged in the neighbourhood before the mid-hour about 4 p.m. on Saturday, when suddenly these British cruisers appeared and opened fire on them with such effect that they retired hurriedly.

The same evening the British cruisers bombarded the German batteries at Zeebrugge.

### CRUISERS ON WATCH.

During the whole of Sunday the Germans remained prepared for a renewed attack, but the British warships remained cruising off the port, apparently with the object of preventing action by the German submarines.

The correspondent states that the British air raid of Thursday last resulted in one soldier being killed. No civilian casualties were caused.

AMSTERDAM, April 6.—The *Handelsblad* learns from the Belgian frontier that heavy intermittent naval gun fire was heard all day from the direction of Zeebrugge. It was especially violent during the afternoon, and was replied to by the Germans.

Troop movements in Flanders continue. Fifty thousand men are concentrated in Ghent and the neighbourhood.—Reuter.

## FRENCH MAKE PROGRESS AT MANY POINTS.

Day of Fine Achievements for Our Ally—Six German Battalions Wiped Out.

PARIS, April 6.—To-night's official statement says:—

The day, which was rainy, was marked by appreciable progress on our part.

To the east of Verdun we occupied the village of Gussainville and the summits which command the valley of the Orne.

Further to the south we have advanced in the direction of Maizeray.

In the Bois d'Ailly and the Bois Brule we have maintained our gains and carried fresh trenches.

In the Bois le Pretre further progress has been achieved.

From prisoners it has been learned that in the course of our recent attacks in Southern Woerw six German battalions were wiped out in successive attacks.

To the south-east of Hartmannsweilerkopf we carried a small peak which served as the headquarters of the German colonel in command of the brigade there.

During the fight on March 26 we pushed forward beyond this peak and took prisoners.—Reuter.

### FIGHTING IN FOREST.

PARIS, April 6.—This afternoon's official communiqué states:—

South-west of Vanquois we gained a foothold in one of the enemy's works.

Our success in d'Ailly Wood, south-east of St. Mihiel, enabled us to make prisoners and to seize a machine gun and a bomb-thrower.

We made progress in the Brule forest, east of d'Ailly. The ground gained by us north-east of Regniville has been retained.—Reuter.

### NEW FRENCH EXPLOSIVE.

PARIS, April 6.—The official *Bulletin des Armees* states that, without going into details over which it is advisable still to throw a veil, it may be stated that a new explosive has recently increased the power of the French guns tenfold.—Central News.

## BOMBS ON BADEN.

AMSTERDAM, April 6.—A message from Muellenheim, the Northlands, states that at seven o'clock yesterday evening an airman threw two bombs on the town. Three citizens were killed, but no other damage was done.—Central News.

## GERMAN CAPITAL SEIZED

CAPETOWN, April 6.—It is officially announced that the Union troops, on the evening of the 3rd inst., occupied Warmbad, twenty-five miles to the north of the Orange River.

No opposition was offered by the Germans.—Reuter.

Warmbad is considered as the southern capital of German South-West Africa, and is the terminus of the railway system.

## BULGARIA'S ACCOUNT OF FRONTIER FIGHT.

Battle Between Serbians and Rebel Turks—Press Asked to Investigate.

That the recent fighting on the Serbian frontier was caused by a Bulgarian raid is denied by the Bulgarian Government. Serbian journalists, as reported in the following telegram, are inviting European newspapers to investigate:—

NEW YORK, April 6.—The following statement is issued here:—

During the past few days large bodies of Bulgarian comitadis, organised and equipped in Bulgarian territory, crossed into Serbia at night with the object of destroying the railway and stirring the peaceful population to revolt.

As the Bulgarians deny that these bands were formed in Bulgarian territory, and persist in claiming that they are Maistros, or persons who were rising against the oppression of the Serbian authorities, and as it is impossible otherwise to establish the truth, the Serbian Association of Journalists requests the leading European newspapers and the telegraph agencies to be good enough to send a representative to examine and investigate on the spot the worth of these statements.—Reuter.

### WHAT BULGARIA SAYS.

A Bulgarian Note has been sent to Serbia, says Reuter, in which the following account of the incident is given:—

The military posts of Lak, Boumar, Bratkovko and Zleszchevo report that 5,000 or 6,000 refugees from the Turkish villages in the region of Vladovo and Oudovo (the railway station for Strumitsa) crossed by Serbian troops, crossed the frontier and arrived at the Bulgarian villages of Zleszchevo and Tchepel.

These refugees state that the inhabitants of the Turkish villages, unable to endure any longer the harsh treatment of the Turkish authorities, revolted and massacred the local police.

The Serbian authorities immediately sent troops to the scene, and an engagement followed

It is clear that the whole affair was one involving the Serbian authorities and the inhabitants of the revolted regions.

## HURRY UP' PIRATE SINKS BRITISH STEAMER.

Crew Only Given Two Minutes to Leave Vessel—Ship's Defiant Death Whistle.

The U pirates are evidently nervous about stopping too long on the surface of the sea, and are in a hurry to do their fell work.

A submarine which sank the Cardiff steamer Northlands (2,776 tons) off Beachy Head on Monday only gave the crew two minutes, to clear the Topaz brought the crew of the Northlands into the Downs at Deal yesterday, and they were landed by Deep boats.

The first and second officers and the chief engineer of the Northlands described their adventure with the submarine as follows:—

"We suddenly saw a submarine rise to the surface about 200 yards away, and make for us at the rate of sixteen knots an hour."

"As the flags were being waved about we thought we could see the number of the submarine was the U 12."

### "HURRY UP!"

Her commander was evidently in a hurry, as he shouted out, in bad English, "Clear out and hurry up, or I am going to sink you." He gave us two minutes to obey the order.

"Our boat was all ready swung out in case of emergency and all hands were immediately called up on deck and ordered into the two lifeboats. As the first boat was being lowered some men went down with the tackle, for the stern bridge was away and dropped into the sea, but we managed to hang on by the aid of the seats in the boat, and none of us were lost. The second boat got away all right."

"He then pulled us in each boat, and as we were pulling away from the ship we saw the torpedo coming. It hit the vessel amidships with a deafening report."

"The Northlands gradually settled down by the head, broke in halves and sank in about ten minutes."

### HER LAST WHISTLE.

"As she parted amidships the lanyard of the steam whistle must in some mysterious way or other have become strained, thus releasing the throttle of the whistle, causing one long blast, which sounded like a death shriek as the vessel gradually sank beneath the waves."

"After the Germans saw that the steamer had founded they submerged and made off, leaving us here."

"Drenched to the skin, we drifted for some seven hours until we were finally picked up by the Topaz somewhere between Beachy Head and Newhaven."

## WHITE CORSAIR'S SHOTS.

The crew of the Grimsby trawler Acantha, which was torpedoed and sunk off Longstone on Monday, stated yesterday that the submarine commanded by a captain to fire when some distance off and without giving any warning.

The Acantha was struck below the waterline. The crew took to the boats, but while they were launching the craft on the weather side several shots were fired at them, but no one was hit.

After the crew had taken to the small boat, the submarine crew continued to fire at them with rifles, and several shots hit the sides, making holes in the boat.

Then the submarine fired a torpedo at the Acantha, which sank immediately with a loud explosion.

After this the submarine went south, and two hours later the Acantha's crew of thirteen hands was picked up by the Swedish steamer Tord.

Captain Pedersen said he had good reason for believing the submarine was the U 20, although she was painted white and the number was painted out.

## ADMIRAL'S DENIAL.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—In reply to a charge made by a New York port official that British cruisers were taking in coal and supplies from vessels putting out from New York, the British admiral commanding the fleet on the Atlantic coast has informed Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador to the United States, that no supplies whatever have been received from American ports.

Amply supplies, he declared, can be procured at Halifax and Bermuda, but, as the ships of the fleet are frequently relieved, supplies are but seldom sent.

The Ambassador has communicated the statement to the State Department, with the additional intelligence that British vessels are under orders not to take supplies from neutral ports.—Reuter.

A New York Central News message states that the grand jury is to take immediate action in the case.

The allegations are that a central agency was organised to carry on the traffic, that part of a down town hotel was used as headquarters, and that tugboats were engaged to transport the supplies.

It is further declared that the tugs have been carrying foodstuffs, etc., not only from New York itself, but also from other ports, transhipping them to the cruisers far out at sea.

The supposed conspirators face a penalty of £2,000 or two years' imprisonment.

## RUSSIAN VICTORY IN CARPATHIANS.

Whole Austro-German Army Reported from Vienna To Be in Full Retreat.

## BURNING THEIR BRIDGES.

The battle for the Carpathian passes continues with great fury and terrible slaughter.

Having captured prisoners and munitions, the Russians have made further progress north of Barfield, and have also inflicted a defeat upon the Austrians north of Czernowitz, in the Bukowina.

One report, which comes from Vienna, declares that:—

"The Austro-German Army operating in the Carpathians from Dukla as far as Eperjes is in full retreat."

Eperjes is in Hungary, fifty miles south-east of Dukla and about twenty miles south of Barfield, in which region the Grand Duke has announced a Russian success on Saturday night and Sunday.

Tuesday night the Russian communiqué makes no reference to a general Austrian retreat, it records further important successes by the Tsar's troops and a consequent retirement on the part of the enemy.

Germany, is stated to be sending an army of 40,000 men) from Flanders to the Carpathians.

## 15,000 MEN LOST IN A DAY.

PARIS, April 6.—A telegram from Vienna to the *Roman Tribune* states that a sanguinary engagement has been proceeding since Sunday in the district of Saros, on the Galician frontier.

According to the latest Austrian news, the whole of the Austro-German Army operating in the Carpathians, from Dukla as far as Eperjes, is in full retreat.—

The fresh Bavarian troops, the message states, do not stand their ground well under fire.

During Sunday, along the Austro-German troops lost 15,000 men.

Riotous demonstrations broke out on Sunday at Budapest against the war.—Exchange.

### WILL THEY ARRIVE IN TIME?

Information from Geneva states that Germany is rushing one army corps from Flanders to the Carpathians, via Munich, to stem the Russian tide. Austria is also withdrawing troops from the Tyrol for the same purpose.—Exchange.

### "MADE GREAT HEADWAY."

PROTEGRAD, April 6.—A dispatch from the Commander-in-Chief's Headquarters Staff says:—

In the Carpathians on the 4th our advance continued with success on the whole front from the northern region in the direction of Barfield as far as that of Uzok (inclusive).

In this forward movement we made great headway in the region of the Rucka Pass, in the vicinity of which we captured a very important sector of the principal chain, and our advanced guards crossed to the southern slope of that chain and occupied the villages of Smolnik and Oroszruska.

The attempts of the Austrians to arrest our offensive in certain sectors of the Carpathians by counter-attacks failed, all these attacks by the enemy being repelled with heavy loss to them.

The Austrians are burning bridges and provision depots.

In the course of the day we took prisoners on the Carpathians front twenty officers and more than 1,500 rank and file.—Reuter.

### AUSTRIANS "CAPTURE" 5,000 MEN.

AMSTERDAM, April 6.—The official communiqué issued in Vienna to-day says:—

On the heights east of the Laborcza Valley and our troops yesterday carried strong Russian positions, capturing 5,040 prisoners.

In the adjoining districts several strong attacks were repulsed with severe losses to the Russians, and we captured a further 2,530 prisoners.

In South-East Galicia, on the heights north of Otynya a Russian night attack failed. South-West of Uscie Biskupie the Russians on the 4th inst. tried to cross to the left bank of the Dniester, two battalions of Russian infantry being annihilated in the attempt.—Reuter.

Otynya is midway between Stanislavoff and Kolomea. Uscie-Biskupie is on the Dniester, where that river forms the boundary between Bukowina, and is north of east of Czernowitz.]

## SMYRNA SHELLED.

ATHENS, April 5 (delayed).—The steamship Arcada, which has arrived at Piraeus from Vlora, Asia Minor, reports that Smyrna was bombarded yesterday.

Heavy gunfire was heard and several warships were sighted steaming in the direction of the town. The Turks refused permission for 380 passengers to embark on the Arcada.—Central News.

This map shows the comparative distances from London of Ostend and of some English towns. London is in the exact centre of the map.



# If the German Army were in Cardiff

IF the German Army were in Cardiff, every fit man in the country would enlist without a moment's delay.

The German Army is now at Ostend. Do you realise that Ostend is as near London as is Cardiff?

How much nearer must the Germans come before you do something to stop them?

The German Army must be beaten in Belgium. The time to do it is now.

Will you help? Yes? Then enlist TO-DAY.

**Your Country Needs You Now.**

**GOD SAVE THE KING.**

# Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1915.

## A NEW FASHION.

THEY TELL YOU, those who study the causes that led to the great effects of history, that no great social change in this country ever came suddenly. Historians will point you to the roots of Magna Charta, the Reformation, the Franchise struggling through a couple of centuries or more of history. We Britons, they say, learn slowly. We have an hereditary mistrust of what has been called "stroke of the pen" legislation.

And, in spite of all this, a social earthquake happened yesterday which may have as great an effect upon the nation as any reform our constitutional or social history has seen. The next few weeks will show what result we may expect from the King's voluntary teetotalism.

The force of example is great, greater far than the power of the law. An Act in the Statute Book prohibiting the consumption of alcohol for the period of the war would raise a howl of protest throughout the country. A royal example yields a much stronger force; it sets a fashion. And fashion we know is all powerful in Britain.

The effect was already to be seen yesterday. Men discussed the question of strong drink from a new point of view. Except among connoisseurs and those whose business it is to deal in it, drink has always been a subject forbidden as a serious topic. Drink we discussed frivolously or medicinally. It was fashionable to drink. If one had no liking for alcoholic liquors one had to provide an excuse for being out of fashion. Health was the only recognised excuse.

Most of us would never take the responsibility of being unfashionable upon ourselves. The doctor was made to bear the brunt, or failing him our games. We might refuse to drink on medical orders, or we might explain that we were in training, or that a whisky and soda "put us off our drive."

We seldom said we would not drink because we did not like alcohol. That reason the world would never accept. The world took such a reason as a personal indictment of its own insobriety. It resented it.

But now we may discuss this subject on new grounds. We may even go so far as to talk example—which the world would have voted priggish in the extreme a few months ago—and not expect to be met with a half-cloaked jeer.

In fact, temperance reform is conventional to-day, and what is conventional is never unpopular.

The King's fashion will spread. We cannot expect it to affect that small minority of habitual drunkards. They are diseased; to find their cure lies in the doctors' hands, but we may hope to find its mark on the border line, for hard drinking is not only unpopular, it is out of date.

To the great bulk of us, moderate drinkers as we call ourselves, to follow the fashion will be no hardship; to many, far more perhaps than we realise, it will be a welcome relief. But this fashion is going to modify some of our oldest traditions. The after-dinner toast, for instance—"Mr. Vice, the King," as it goes in the messes. Can we still drink the loyal toast in wine, when he whom we toast has banned it?

C. H.

## IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 6.—Flowering shrubs and trees make a good show during spring and early summer. To-day the pretty crimson-flowering currants (ribes) look very ornamental. These shrubs, usually the first to come out, are most valuable at this season; there are also yellow, white, and double crimson kinds.

The common evergreen barberry (berberis), a useful hardy shrub for rough places, is opening its gay yellow flowers, while the elegant forsythia will soon be decked with countless golden bells.

E. F. T.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

MAY I suggest, as a regular reader of your "In My Garden" note, and as an enthusiastic amateur gardener, that much good might be done by other amateur gardeners if they would sacrifice beauty to utility during this coming season?

In my garden this year cabbages are to replace

cabbages and other—roses. I am doing my best

with a suburban garden to grow my own vege-

tables.

If we all did this, the poor who have no gar-

dens would benefit by the reduced cost of vege-

tables, for the demand would be less and the

price consequently lower. Every little helps in

it had got too strong a hold on him. That taking it may be a "stupid custom" does not help him to do without it in the least, and I think those who succeed are very much to be admired.

SISTER.

I HAVE READ in this morning's papers that the King has decided to abolish alcoholic liquors from his household from now until the end of the war.

I am an ordinary man who likes a whisky and soda at bedtime, and a small bottle of wine with my meals. I see no harm in it, but if his Majesty can forbid drink in his household I can, too. Whether it will be a hardship to me, I do not yet know, but I am prepared to try. And

## WAR AND CHRISTIANITY.

More of Our Readers' Opinions on the Right To Fight.

THE crucial point regarding the teaching of Christ as it applies to war is the difference in man's position as an individual and as a trustee for others. It is a Christian principle that calls upon me as an individual to suffer wrong patiently, but Christianity does not demand that I shall suffer other people's wrongs patiently. I must not attempt to revenge my own wrongs, but the State is not doing its plain duty if it does not revenge them. The State is in the position of a trustee of other people's rights and having undertaken to guarantee such rights for the benefit of its own people and others, as in the case of Belgium, it is bound in equity to maintain them, and by means even of the utmost exertion of force to punish their infringement on the nation which perpetrates the injustice.

A little consideration will also show that even the individual may find himself in the position of a trustee for others as in the case of Jesus Christ Himself, when he forcibly expelled the men who were desecrating the Temple. The case did not require any slaying, as the delinquents made no resistance, but the principle involved is the same.

Much of the obscure thinking on this subject among Christian people will disappear if we consider that we are commanded to turn our own individual cheeks to the smiter, but nowhere are we told to turn other people's in that direction.

G. W. C. ARMSTRONG.

IF "Christianity and war are distinctly opposed to one another," as one of your correspondents says, how is it that when the Christian Church was opened to Gentiles the first to be permitted to enter was a Roman centurion? And this was no mere accident, for Peter was specially sent to him.

Jesus prayed "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," but can we say the German? How now not what they do? Repentance is needed before forgiveness. Our Lord said, "If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him."

It were better for an offender that a millstone were hung about his neck, and he cast into the sea," but this can only be done by human agency. The punishment of offenders is a necessity amongst nations as well as with individuals. TREVOR.

Liverpool.

THE essence of the Christian teaching is "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men." Would "peace on earth" be likely to exist if the Germans' policy were permitted full sway? Does the Kaiser act "goodwill toward men"?

By fighting the curse of Kaiserism we are fighting the cause of peace. We must suffer to bring a happier state of things about, but we suffer in a good cause. Kaiserism has menaced the peace of the world, Kaiserism must go. ELIJAH J. G. ELLIOTT.

### THE PRICE OF BREAD.

I HAVE read with much interest the accounts of the price of bread in various parts of England.

I think that here in Guernsey we "take the cake" to put it in rather an Irish way.

To-day a 4lb. loaf costs 10d. Flour is even dearer than bread, as 6lb. cost 1s. 7d. I cannot imagine what poor people are going to do.

A GUERNSEY HOUSEKEEPER.

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The best rules to form a young man are, to talk little to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others' that deserve it.

Sir W. Temple.



When the war started Little Willie was—well, no end of an important person. But somehow or another he never seemed to grow up; in fact, he seemed to grow down. Once he seemed to command all the Armies that ever did anything. Now we never hear of him. Father is quite worried about him, they say.—(By Mr. W. K. Heselden.)

times like this, and even a very small garden will produce something useful. The beauty of flowers we must sacrifice until next year, or until peace comes again.

HORTUS.

A WOMAN'S BADGE OF HONOUR.

WE have read much of badges of distinction to be worn by men who are not in the services either through physical unfitness or because they are doing equally valuable work for the country in civil life. May I, then, plead the cause of women?

By common consent or otherwise could not some recognised badge be worn by women, mothers, wives or sweethearts, who have given them to their men to war? Their task, heaven knows, is a hard one; might they not have the very human consolation of public recognition? Folkestone.

A SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

SHOULD WE DRINK?

AS a hospital nurse, I have many times seen absolutely heroic struggles on the part of a patient to make himself give up alcohol because

I hope many thousands more Britons feel as I do. It is an experiment worth trying.

MUSWELL HILL, April 6.

AVERAGE MAN.

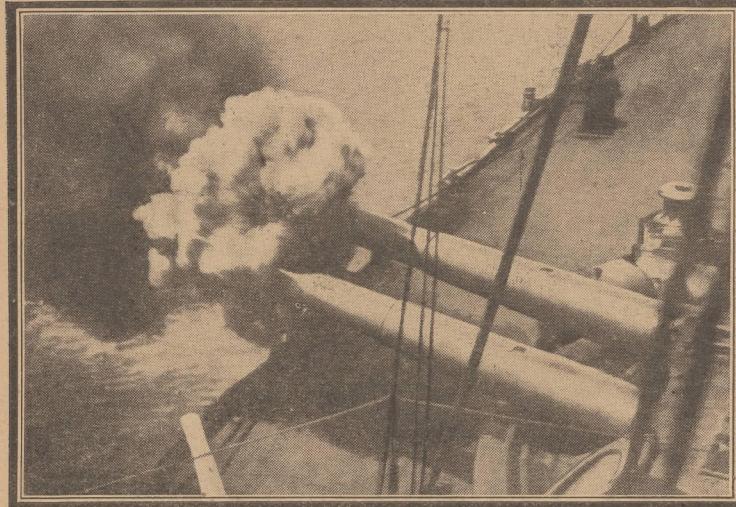
### A PINE-WOOD: SPRING.

Golden and brown are the brooding aisles, dim-flecked with shadow and sun; A wind with the voice of waters and wings possesses the solitude; The cones unfold to the light, and crack (you may hear them, and one only); Dead red bracken and needles dry are the floor of the scented wood. Shy squirrels scurry along the boughs, and leap from tree to tree, With the light movement of a russet coat and an outspread bushy tail. And the crooning note of the grey wood-doves floats down continually To the bilberry bushes between the trunks, and the young, green, curly and frail. Come to the lure of the listening woods, ye who are sad with sound— To the silent shrine of the wild earth-things where the hands of healing are. And ye may find you a hallowed peace with the arms of God around. Come to the pine wood pure and wise if your heaven is all too far.

TERESA HOOLEY.

## FORCING A WAY TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

P. 1191 A



British battleship, with her decks cleared for action, firing her big guns in the Dardanelles. For the moment there is a lull in the operations, which, however, are to be resumed in due course. The weather just now is unfavourable.

## FORTHCOMING WEDDING.

P. 1191 A



Miss Enid Dorothy Fawcett, daughter of Captain L. E. Fawcett, who is to marry Mr. Royston Cecil Cumberlege.—(Swaine.)

## RESCUED OUR SAILORS.

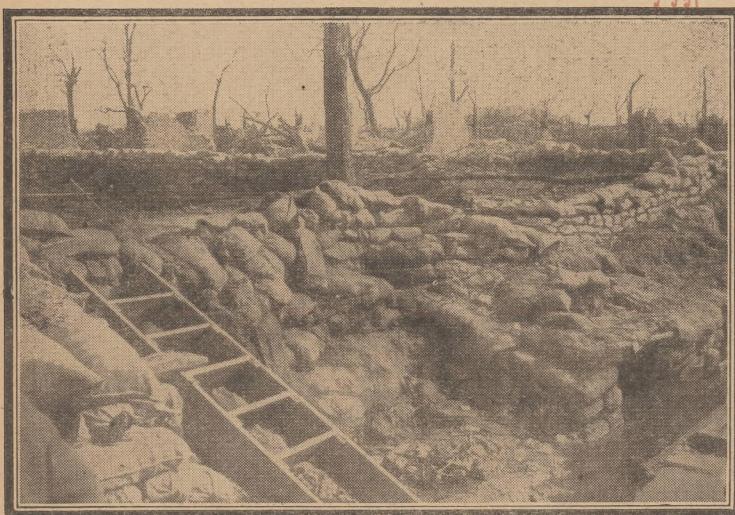
P. 1191 B



The Dutch steamer Flora, after running aground during a fog. She saved men from the cruisers Hogue, Cressy and Aboukir.

## TRENCH AND "FUNK-HOLE" FLOODED.

P. 1191 E



Flooded British trench at Neuve Chapelle. The water has run through the door of the "funk hole," which was consequently a very damp retreat. But it does not matter, as our men are now beyond this point, and have consolidated their positions.

## RUSSIAN SOLDIERS STAND

P. 1191 F



The Russian soldier is deeply religious, and, as he feels that the Prussian is the enemy of his Church, looks upon this war as a holy one. The picture shows a priest visiting the troops in the trenches. He carried a cross, and every man bared his head.

## THE SOLDIERS' GONG.

P. 1191 F



## TRUCE TO

P. 1191 F



Mr. Jowett, M.P., makes a speech at the Labour Conference at Newcastle. He said that a truce should be called to the war.

## TWO HEROES

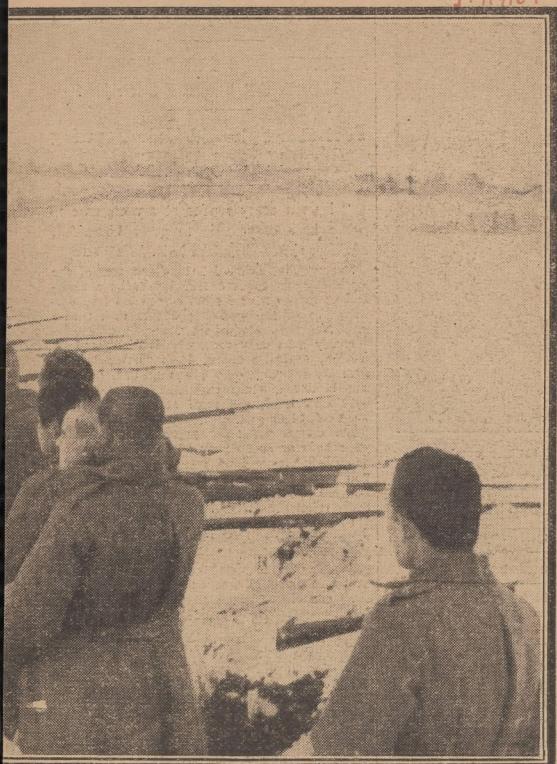
P. 1191 F



Private T. Hayes, of the Yorks, who carried m

## ADED BEFORE THE CROSS.

G. 11910 F



symbol passed by. The scene is outside Przemysl. The soldiers were among torious besiegers who captured the fortress despite the fact that they were outnumbered by the defending garrison. (Pathé Frères.)

## UGGESTED.



g over the Independent M.P., has his hand to his shoulder to be called to the (err photograph.)

## GETS D.C.M.



Lance-Corporal G. Shields (1st Lincoln), awarded a D.C.M. He left his trench at Neuve Chapelle and accounted for four German snipers.

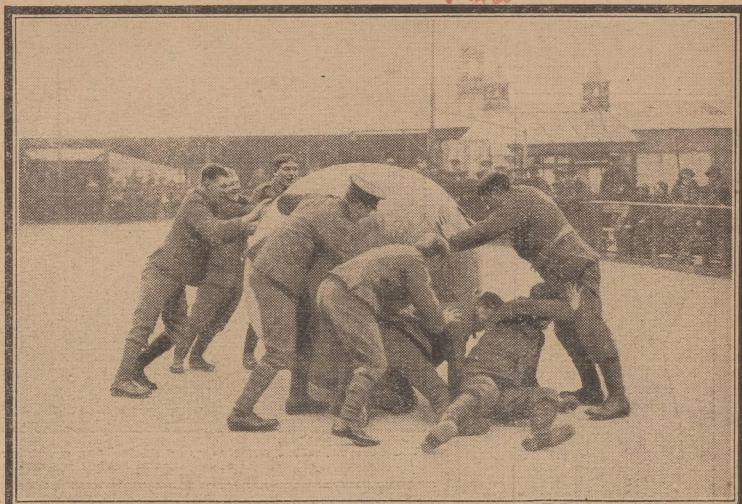
## DRAWING FRESH WATER.



British soldiers drawing water with which to fill their bottles. The water flows through a pipe from a stream, and is fresh and clear.

## “TOMMY” HAS A GAME OF PUSHBALL.

G. 14600



There were no merrier holiday-makers than the soldiers, and khaki was to be seen everywhere. This picture, taken at a South Coast resort, shows “Tommies” enjoying a game of pushball on the open-air skating rink.

## “THE COSSACK PATROL.”

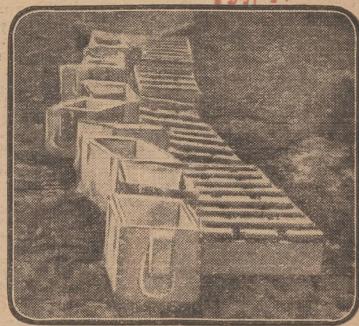
G. 1460



For some reason these men are called “The Cossack patrol.” They guard the shores of England for twenty-four hours at a stretch.

## BOXES AS HORSE TROUGHES.

G. 3315



Old ammunition boxes are put to good use by our “Tommies” at the front. They make good drinking troughs for horses.

## THE STRUGGLE IN THE CARPATHIANS.

G. 251



Austrian ammunition transport passing along a snow-covered pass in the Carpathians. The struggle for the passes continues with unabated fury, but the Russians are still making progress, and have made further captures of prisoners and munitions.

# THE Specialette Corset



The "Specialette Corset." Forme I, as illustration, made of good White Couille, trimmed embroidery. Cut very low above waist, with elastic gores at bust. Superior in cut, style and finish to any corset on the market at the same price.

10/6

**Dickins & Jones, Ltd.**  
Regent Street, London, W.

# Calox

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

There is nothing better than Calox as a safeguard of the teeth. The oxygen which Calox liberates in use finds its purifying, cleansing way into all the crevices which otherwise would go uncleared.

Calox removes the cause of tooth decay; it cleanses the mouth and teeth of all destructive germs, prevents tartar deposit, and imparts to the teeth that brilliant lustre and whiteness so admired.

## Test Calox Free

We shall be glad to send you a sample on receipt of postcard with name & address. *Sold ordinarily by Chemists, Druggists, & Everywhere.* With the Calox Tooth Powder you can clean every part of every tooth. Price 1/-

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD.,  
75, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

## HELP FOR THE WOMEN.

The woman at home, deep in housekeeping duties and the cares of motherhood, needs an occasional help to better her health. The demands upon a mother's strength are many and severe; her own health trials and her children's welfare exact heavy tolls, while hurried meals, broken sleep, and indoor living tend to weaken her constitution.

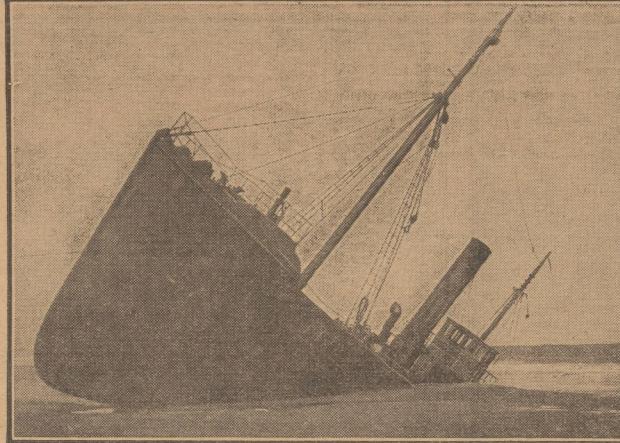
No wonder that the woman at home is often indisposed through weakness, sick headache, backache and nervous troubles; indeed, many have grown to accept these visitations at frequent intervals as "motherhood's lot."

But many and varied are her health troubles, the cause is simple and the cure near at hand. When well, the woman's good blood that keeps her well; when ill, she can make her blood rich to renew her health; and the nursing mother—more than any other woman in the world—needs rich blood and plenty of it.

Care in diet, sufficient rest, fresh air and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will keep a woman's health robust and regular; and because these pills make new blood abundantly thousands of weak wives and mothers have derived prompt help and relief from them. Obtain a supply today at any dealers, but never buy common pink pills—ask for Dr. Williams'.

A FREE Health Guide, "Plain Talk to Women," will be sent to lady readers who forward a postcard request for a copy to Hints Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—(Advt.)

## THE GRAVE OF A TRAWLER.



The *Corsyra*, which went aground during the rough weather. All the crew were saved by the rocket apparatus.

## "LITTLE GEORGE'S" PARTY

Poor Children's Three-Course Dinner at the "Threepenny Ritz."

All roads in Clerkenwell led to the "Threepenny Ritz," 47, Rosoman-street, E.C. "Haven't you heard?" one heard small urchins whisper at the street corners. "Little George is giving a free dinner. Have you got a ticket?"

"Who is Little George?" asked somebody.

"Don't you know?" said the small boy addressed. "He's the Threepenny Dinner King. His place, the 'Ritz,' is just down there on the right. And I wish I had a ticket!"

Outside the "Ritz" there was a clamouring crowd of small boys and girls. Some had tickets and some hadn't, and at least one boy had lost the white card which would have admitted him to the brightly-lit, magic interior of the restaurant.

"When you get in tell Little George that I have lost my ticket, Lizzie," said the boy tearfully to his sister. "He's sure not to forget me."

Just as the real Ritz Hotel in Piccadilly has a lordly commissioner to look after the coming and going of the guests, so the Threepenny Ritz had a compact policeman who stood near the door, kindly, as policemen stand near the door.

All the children who went in were very poor; but nevertheless some of the girls wore their "party" frocks—which were really their ordinary clothes with just a little bit of bright ribbon here and there.

Of course, the boys were not dressed up particularly for the dinner, but several of them had quite clean faces and even wore collars and ties.

Poems have been written about Little George; his real name is Mr. G. Jacob—and some of the children were singing these as they sat down to their dinner.

Over a hundred boys and girls sat down to the feast so kindly provided for them by Mr. Jacob. They had a first-class dinner. This was the menu:—

Roast beef.  
Potatoes, beans, cabbage.  
Bread.  
Rice pudding.  
Nuts, oranges, apples.  
Coffee.

Such a clatter of plates and rattling of knives and forks during the meal! There was very little conversation until the youngsters got to the dessert. Then they had a good deal to say.

"Oh, sir," murmured one six-year-old, "I feel so full."

"Jimines," said a small girl of about seven who sat next to him, "you shouldn't talk like that. It is not very polite."

Jimmie merely murmured something inaudible in reply. Like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, he leant back happily on the seat and was soon fast asleep.

At last the dinner came to an end. There was the same constable outside to usher the children out.

This is the second annual dinner I have given to poor children in the neighbourhood," Mr. Jacob told *The Daily Mirror*. "It doesn't cost very much, and I like to see the youngsters enjoy themselves."

## RAISING MONEY ON THE COW.

A new form of raising money has been discovered to exist in Ireland according to the International Institute of Agriculture.

A farmer, wishing to obtain money, puts an animal up for sale which, by collusion, is bought by a friend. The purchaser gives a bill at three, four or six months to the auctioneer, who discounts it in a joint stock bank and pays the bill to the farmer, to his commission, to the seller. The cow is then quickly brought back to the field from which she came.

In other cases a farmer will buy a cow at one auction, giving a bill for the money, and sell her again the next day at another auction.

## HAIR SPECIALIST'S REMARKABLE GIFT.

A LUXURIOUS FREE GROWING HEAD OF HAIR FOR ALL.

Test this Splendid Hair-Growing Method FREE.

"I want every reader at my expense to prove how easy it is to grow beautiful, healthy, richly abundant hair."

So says Mr. Edwards, the discoverer of the world-famous toilet exercise "Harlene Hair-Drill," in announcing his wonderful free distribution of hair-growing outfits to all who send him the coupon below.

Every man or woman who is distressed by falling, splitting hairs, lank "damp" hair, over dry or over greasy hair, total or approaching baldness, scalp irritation, or any other hair defect, should send at once for this wonderful free gift.

No matter what the present condition of your hair or scalp may be, no matter what so-called "remedies" you have tried, until you have tested the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method you cannot appreciate the value of a truly scientific method of hair culture.

You can prove in a few moments each morning how simple it is to grow beautiful hair with "Harlene" Hair-Drill, and how surprisingly one's whole appearance, one's brightness and personal charm are improved by this simple attention to the hair.



Every reader who desires beautiful and richly growing hair should send the Coupon below for the splendid free Hair-Growing Outfit illustrated here.

Post the coupon below TO-DAY (enclosing 3d. stamps for postage). By return you will receive:—

1. A bottle of "Harlene," a true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to healthy and rapid growth.

2. A packet of the marvelous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which overcomes scurf, dandruff and scalp irritation.

3. The secret "Hair-Drill" booklet, giving complete instructions for carrying out this world-famous hair-growing exercise.

After you have used this splendid toilet gift, you may always obtain larger supplies from any chemist: "Harlene" in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.; "Cremex" Shampoo Powder in packets at 2d., 7 packets at 1s.; or direct from the Edwards Harlene Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C. All orders except foreign are sent post free on remittance. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

## POST TO-DAY

To Edwards' "Harlene" Co.,  
20-26, Lamb's Conduit-st.,  
London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Hair-Growing Outfit. I enclose 3d. postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

"Daily Mirror," 7-4-15.



# RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.

"A laggard in love  
and a laggard  
in war,  
What did they  
give him his  
manhood for?"

## New Readers Begin Here.

### CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**RICHARD CHATTERTON**, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

**SONIA MARKHAM**, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

**LADY MERRIAM**, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

**FRANCIS MONTAGUE**, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

**RICHARD CHATTERTON** is dozing in his club room. Just lately his lazy serenity had been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of these, of particular interest to the charming girl he is engaged to, Sonia Markham,

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague.

"Doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?"

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got a comfortable home and an income with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him."

A few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go to the front? He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally he goes off to Lady Merriman's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is a slacker for her money.

There is a little scene between them.

Whilst waiting to have the matter out with Montague in the latter's rooms, he overheard a conversation between old Jardine and Sonia to Montague. She tells him that she is finished with Chatterton, and that she will marry him.

When Richard goes to Sonia sick at heart, and realising what he is losing, Sonia, believing Montague's minimising about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. The old deader is won over. He says to his old friend that he has put in for active service and that he is off to the front as soon as possible.

A week or two later Sonia sees a pretty nurse and a man all miffed up in a taxicab. The man turns his head and looks at Sonia—it is Richard Chatterton.

Sonia pretends to take no notice, but she is very much interested. Old Jardine has told Chatterton in a private word that he was won over to the front away in the trenches, but not badly. He is going out again as soon as possible.

At a dinner-party Montague deliberately lies about the fact that he is still following through. Sonia is outwardly calm; she learns the truth. It is brought more and more home to Sonia how much she really cares for him. Then she suddenly hears from Jardine that Richard is off to the front again that night.

Throwing everything to the winds, Sonia makes a desperate effort to see him off at Waterloo. But the crowd is too great. She can only just catch a glimpse of him as he runs past a nurse—and as the train moves out she faints.

In the troop-train Richard Chatterton is told by a fellow-soldier that an old gentleman and a girl had been looking out for him at Waterloo. "The old fellow called her Sonia," he adds.

Chatterton is dazed at the news. A thousand times he asks himself why Sonia came to see him off. He was still young. But in the trenches he still goes torturing himself with the same feverish thoughts and possibilities.

Whilst fighting for his life in a perfect inferno, Chatterton hears the strident noise that Sonia is making to the front. He tries to put his thoughts from him. In a terrific struggle, in which shrapnel is falling like rain, he sees a wounded officer trying to crawl to safety. With a bound Richard Chatterton is out of the trench and racing to him.

### THE PAST WIPE OUT.

IT was only when the bullets began to fall thick and fast around him that Chatterton realised that in all probability he was rushing headlong into the arms of death.

His action had drawn the rifle fire towards himself; there was something revengeful and venomous in the volleys ping, ping!—a hundred bullets missed him as he ran; some from the trenches at his back shouted after him...

"Come back, you fool... come back, you fool..."

Chatterton laughed and ran on; reckless defiance had him in its grip; during the last two nights he had come safely through greater peril than this; he would come through again or die!

For the moment he was drunk with excitement; the strength of a giant seemed tightening the muscles of his weary limbs; he ran on with the splendid gallantry of utter recklessness.

But the soldiers seemed to have lost the few panting moments which it took him to run the distance seemed a drawn-out eternity.

A bullet struck the heel of his boot and tore it away; another ripped the shoulder of his coat...

But he was there now, and on his knees beside that huddled, boyish figure, raising it with strong, capable arms; speaking breathless directions and words of encouragement.

The poor lad was past answering, but he did his best to follow Chatterton's instructions; he

opened his eyes and smiled, and his white lips moved like the petals of a rose.

How the distance grew with each staggering step; surely he had been mistaken and it was a hundred miles instead of yards to safety.

The firing was truer now; the target with its additional burden less elusive; every second a dozen bullets seemed to whiz past his head like a swarm of angry hornets; one struck and ripped his cartridge belt; a moment later he heard his hit to a furrow in the riven earth that pinned him and brought him down out of reach of a shot that would have finished him; but he was up in an instant, and staggering on again...

The poor youngster on his shoulders was a dead weight now. Chatterton had a lightning memory of a fable he had read somewhere in his school-days of a man who offered to carry a child across a wide river.

He found the weight of the child had been nothing,

but with each step it had increased and in

creased till, before they reached the centre, it was as heavy as a grown man...

The sweat was pouring off Chatterton's face, but he set his teeth and struggled on...

His path seemed strewn with dead and dying; he was conscious of a sort of senseless and unfeeling fury because it hampered his movements; it was so much harder to step over them than to just ignore them; but there was always the fear that they might not be dead—that they could still suffer pain.

And then amongst them he saw a face he knew—a white, pain-twisted face from which agonised eyes spoke a silent command and unconscious appeal; eyes that had hitherto been too weary to catch the expression of any strong emotion when it mattered.

Carter, the man who, all unconsciously, had been instrumental in changing a slacker into a man; Carter, who had purposely struck as close as possible to his master with a sort of vague thought that perhaps he might be able to help and protect him; Carter, down and out with a bullet in the thigh and another in his side; physically incapable to render the assistance of a lifted finger; even though he would have given his life to do so...

The sight of this man whom he had known for so many years helpless and suffering, acted on Chatterton like a tonic; in a flash he knew what he meant to do... the remaining yards to the trenches seemed as nothing; as he drew near to them, half a dozen Tommies swarmed over the earthworks and rushed cheering to him. He was hit again, but as he took his burden from him that something struck him in the side; he was conscious of a dull hurt and a sharp, stinging pain, followed by something warm and wet oozing through his tunic.

For an instant he reeled against a comrade; a deathly feeling of sickness turned him faint; willing hands came to his assistance; in another moment he would have been lifted beyond possible range of those snapping bullets, had not memory, a sharp, searing pain, rushed back to his dead mind.

Carter... Carter was out there alone—wounded, perhaps dying; and Chatterton had seen dying men before, left to the mercy of a brutal enemy, when rescue had been made a sheer impossibility...

He was going back—all along he had meant to go back; to his dazed brain it seemed that he had made Carter the promise to return during that brief second when their eyes met; a promise was a promise, and must be kept.

He shook off the kindly arms that supported him; his face was dogged.

"I've got to go back—I promised to go back..."

His voice sounded almost delirious; his words were greeted with a chorus of derision...

"It's madness—you'll never come through again..." Chatterton—don't be a fool."

But he hardly heard them; he was gone—back across that death-splattered field in the direction where he knew Carter was lying.

But one cannot hope to go through the fire twice and come out unharmed, and even as he reached his man a couple of sneaking, grey-clad figures rose from the shelter of a small rise in the ground and made toward him.

Chatterton was unarmed, but he saw them in time, and standing astride Carter's helpless body, he faced them with blazing eyes and clenched fists.

Carter spoke—with quiet, fevered anxiety...

"Never mind me, sir... look to yourself..."

Chatterton did not answer; he stooped and snatched a revolver from the inert hand of a dead officer a stone's-throw away; a sort of wild prayer that it might still be loaded rushed to his lips; he levelled it at the foremost of the oncoming Germans and pulled the trigger... it snapped harmlessly—the last cartridge had gone...

It was too late to try for another weapon; Chatterton lifted his uninjured arm and brought the revolver down with butt-end on the man's face; fortunately the men were not armed for the hand grenades with which they had been sneaking along the ground to throw at the British trenches...

He never knew clearly what happened then; it was all a confused dream of pain, and blood and grapping arms and groans, and an ever-increasing sense of weakness...

From the British trenches it was impossible to fire, lest the tangled medley Chatterton might get the bullet intended for his assailants.

For a moment despair seized him. It was all up. Two to one when the one was already injured was a losing game from first to last; he

was going out this time—going out with Carter, after all...

But there was good stuff in his veins, and perhaps, as thousands have experienced in this sad old world, life had never seemed so dear to him as when he believed he was about to lose it. A last mighty effort and he clung again to his cartridge belt and left... his knuckles struck one man's jaw and the other man's temple. The pain in his body was agonising; the world began to swim before his eyes again into a sea of blood... like a man in a dream, he knew that he stooped, groped for Carter and tried to raise him...

But it was not possible... his strength was giving out fast...

He still crawled... and crawl the remaining yards he did, with his sound arm hooked round Carter and his whole body seared and tortured with pain unutterable...

And then, still half a dozen yards from the trenches, he went down beside Carter like a dead man, and an eager, swarming mass of men who had never looked to see him alive after him. The grey figures rose from the hillock after that; one when someone poured hot, fiery liquid between his lips, and he looked up and smiled faintly into the grave face of an officer who had once been a friend of his—years and years ago surely?—in London...

"How you ever got back alive, Chatterton, the world was a little uneasy..."

Chatterton tried to laugh; he thought that he had in reply...

"Trust the devil to look after his own..."

But no sound came from his white lips, and suddenly earth and sky and the group of faces bending above him grew blurred and smudged, and then went out altogether...

### INCREDIBLE NEWS!

OLD JARDINE sat in the club and sulked.

He belonged to several clubs, but this particular one was his favourite, and, incidentally, the one in which he had done a little towards the making of history by indirectly sending Chatterton to the colours.

As a matter of fact, had he known it—he

was sitting in the same chair as that which had screened Chatterton himself that afternoon, weeks ago, when he had half roused from sleep and heard himself being discussed.

But Jardine's thoughts were—for once—not with the war, but with something—or perhaps it would be more correct to say someone—much more personal. Lady Merriman!

He had not seen her ladyship for four whole days, though he had called twice at the hotel and written on the second day.

Old Jardine was perfectly well aware that he was the wrong side of forty by many years; perfectly well aware that he had lately developed such a rotundity that his tailor had politely suggested that Turkish baths and a course of dieting would be decidedly beneficial. But it was neither these things that caused old Jardine such a trouble; he was thinking about Lady Merriman, who—well! he had lately discovered that it is quite possible to have a youthful heart in a middle-aged body, and that a youthful heart is sometimes a troublesome organ...

He had made three distinct attempts to inform Lady Merriman of his discovery, but each time her ladyship had found ways and means of nipping the confidence in the bud, so at last he took his courage in his hand and written it... four carefully-written sheets of pathetic embasement and general woe, and sent them to Lady Merriman. Lady Merriman had ignored, seeing that two whole days had elapsed and he had received no reply.

He was remembering how she had laughed at him years ago when he had first proposed to her; it made him hot and cold all over to think that perhaps history was repeating itself, and that she was laughing once more.

Old Jardine was a sentimental old fool, and she most charmingly across his chair!

And old Jardine was a sentimental old fool, and she most charmingly across his chair!

No sound came from his white lips, and suddenly earth and sky and the group of faces bending above him grew blurred and smudged, and then went out altogether...

"And bring some papers, too," he commanded, when the waiter appeared. "Daily papers—all the latest editions... I haven't heard any war news since breakfast..."

The waiter did a little smile as he walked away; everyone in the club knew the keen interest he took in the war; after a moment he returned with four neatly arranged on a tray beside the whisky and soda...

Old Jardine began to look more agreeable; he hunted for his glasses.

"Any fresh news?" he inquired, interestedly.

"Things have been very quiet this last day or two..."

"No, sir—yes, sir..."

Jardine said, "Humph!" he settled his pince-nez on the bridge of his handsome nose and took up one of the papers.

The waiter was solemnly counting change on the tray; he ventured a further comment.

"There's a new casualty list, sir... we've lost a great many officers, sir..."

(Continued on page 13.)



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## Petticoat Values—at Peter Robinson's Oxford St

THE Petticoat has returned to fashion—following the change from narrow to wide skirts—and to mark its re-introduction we are offering some Very Special Values in these useful garments. Four examples of the many smart and dainty styles we are showing are illustrated below—

O.D. 39 (as sketch below) — smart Petticoat in best quality soft silk moiretta, with fine accordion-pleated Vandyke frills. In black and all colours. O.D. 21/11

O.D. 20 (as sketch below) — Good quality soft Moiretta Petticoat for hard wear, with flat-pleated frill. In black and all colours. O.D. 5/11

O.D. 36 (as sketch above) — Petticoat in Beautiful Chiffon Taffeta, with full semi-circular flounce and frills, edged ruchines. In Pink, Sky, Grey... 35/11

O.D. 35 (as sketch above) — Charming silk-satin Petticoat with two fine accordion-pleated frills. In Black, White and all colours. O.D. 13/11

C.D. 32 — Orders by post receive special attention.

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**Huns' Latest Blunder.**  
I imagine that Colonel Roosevelt will have something strenuous to say about the German treatment of his intimate friend Mr. Gifford Pinchot. Mr. Pinchot and his wife have been turned out of Belgium, although Mr. Pinchot had an official mission regarding relief measures for the victims of the German oppression. Mr. Pinchot is a famous forester, and has written many books on forestry. He is a tall, slender, ascetic-looking man, and shares Colonel Roosevelt's liking for a "bit of a scrap."

#### Denounced German Barbarism.

Before leaving New York he had published several articles roundly denouncing German barbarism in Belgium. I assume the German action in expelling him is based on these articles. I expect Germany will hear from Colonel Roosevelt over the treatment of his friend, and from what I know of Mr. Pinchot, I'm sure his version of the incident will not lack plain speaking.

#### Following the King.

The King's great lead for temperance during the war has already had effect. At lunch time at the Savoy I noticed that none of the men at five tables near me were drinking anything stronger than mineral waters, and I was told by my waiter that drinks are very much "off" now. Hardly anyone was having liqueurs after lunch.

#### Too Timid Emperor.

It was at lunch, by the way, that I heard a very interesting story about the Emperor of Austria. It was told me by a man at the Russian Embassy, and there's precious little they don't know there. The story shows how frail a ruler Austria has just now, and probably accounts for the reverses of which we had news yesterday.

#### "I Must Tell Wilhelm."

During the negotiations between Austria and Italy the services of a neutral in very high position were brought in to act as "honest broker." He was given to understand what was Italy's minimum, and instructed to sound the Emperor of Austria, but to keep the matter private. As soon as the word "private" was used the Emperor said, "If it is a political secret I must tell Wilhelm; if it is a religious secret I must tell my confessor." Naturally, there could be no negotiations.

#### The Major's Leather Breeches.

Variations in service dress such as would have scandalised Army men in peace time are common nowadays. But the weirdest-looking innovation on a uniform to be seen in Kitchener's Army is worn by a major I know. He has had leather stitched all round the lower part of his breeches, covering the knee and extending to about a third of his legs, as a precaution against riding wear and kneeling in damp grass. The major, who learned the idea from Mafeking in the Boer War, is dubbed "the major with the leather legs."

#### Military Vocabulary.

Lessons in "military vocabulary" now form part of the musketry instruction of every British soldier. It consists of topographical and other expressions used in reconnaissance and by officers in indicating points at which their men are to direct fire. This is because it has been found that, owing to their ignorance of the meaning of certain words and phrases, men have misinterpreted fire orders, and consequently misdirected their fire.

#### English Lessons for English Soldiers.

Recently a subaltern officer was required to furnish a report on the "military vocabulary" of his newly-enlisted platoon. Here is an extract from his report—"I estimate the total vocabulary of the average man in No. 6 Platoon at 100 words. Of these, over 25 per cent. are swear-words." And now that bright young officer has been detailed to teach his men the English language from a landscape target on Saturday afternoons. A little brilliance is a dangerous thing!

#### Busy Days for "Boots."

"Boots" will have his work doubled this spring, for women are adopting the new top boots. Some of these in the West End shops remind one of the old Wellington boot.

# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

#### Clerks' Heavy Work.

I referred the other day to the activity of Government clerks during the holidays, including Easter Sunday. I now learn that in most departments the press of work is so heavy that it has fallen badly into arrears, in spite of the engagement of a whole host of supernumeraries. These are not always highly efficient, because of the smallness of the pay allowed by the regulations.

#### Luckless Gentlemen.

My informant tells me of one room in a war department in which three professional men are engaged as temporary clerks. Before the war their combined incomes exceeded £2,500 a year, but each is now receiving the regulation five shillings a day. All are over military age, but young and intelligent enough to be worth a great deal more than they are receiving. It is only one among many instances of the silent sufferings of the professional classes during war time.

#### Their Wedding Day.

Almost every family of social and political note at present in London will, I hear, be represented at St. Margaret's, Westminster, this afternoon, when Mr. Neil Primrose, M.P., Lord Rosebery's second son, will be united in the bonds of matrimony with Lady Victoria Stanley, Lord Derby's only daughter. The ceremony takes place at half-past two.

#### The Bride's Mother.

It will be a busy and exciting day for the Countess of Derby, the bride's mother. Lady Derby is extremely popular in the social world, where she has made a name for herself as a



The Countess of Derby.

great hostess. Like her husband, who is a prominent member of the Jockey Club and a consistent supporter of the best traditions of the Turf, Lady Derby is fond of race-going.

#### Fond of Poultry Keeping.

Lady Derby is an attractive woman with a bright and animated manner. One of her chief hobbies is poultry keeping, and with her black Orpingtons she has won many prizes. Lady Derby was one of Queen Alexandra's Women of the Bedchamber, a post she had to vacate on Lord Stanley succeeding to the Earldom of Derby.

#### Two Famous Athletes.

How strangely tragic that two such famous athletes as A. E. Stoddart and Wyndham Halswell should pass away within a few hours of each other! Poor Halswell, who was captain in the Highland Light Infantry, succumbed to wounds sustained on the battlefield. He was a modest, pleasant-mannered man.

#### Historic Dispute.

It was Halswell who was concerned in the historic dispute with American runners in the 400 metres flat race at the Olympic Games held at the Stadium, Shepherd's Bush, in 1908.

#### A Fine Sprint.

Mr. Halswell won his heat in 40 2-5s., the fastest time in the first round, and within one-fifth of a second of the Olympic record. In the final he had to run against (amongst others) seven Americans. The first attempt to decide this resulted in "no race" being declared by the judges, umpires having waved the judges to break the worsted. They declared that the American runner J. C. Carpenter wilfully obstructed Mr. Halswell.

#### A Run Over.

The final was eventually ordered to be run in strings, Carpenter being disqualified, but none of the Americans competed. Mr. Halswell ran over in 50s.

#### Quite Continental.

Curiously enough, nobody has yet mentioned that London now has a real Continental café in Regent-street, all complete with gaudy blue lights by the door. Bearded men and very attractively-dressed women sit at little tables slowly sipping their drinks and talking much or playing dominoes, and the hardest thing in the world is to hear anybody talk English.

#### New Way of Learning French.

I have heard of many ways of learning French, but I am bound to say that a Soho restaurateur rather surprised me. He tells me that the majority of his customers now are in khaki, and that they come for a twofold reason—to get used to French food and to practise their French. Another Frenchman told me that teachers of French in Soho have never been so busy, and that "Tommy" makes a very diligent pupil.

#### Advance Australia.

I had a chat yesterday with Mr. D. H. O'Connor, the chairman of the new Australian Natives Association in London. This organisation, which numbers 50,000 members in Australia, has only one branch outside the Commonwealth, the new London branch. Birth in Australia is the essential qualification for membership.

#### Spade Work in London.

One of the objects of the London branch is to make British folk better acquainted with Australian opinion on Imperial and current questions. Another object is to help newly-arrived Australians, and to bring their talent before the notice of the British public.

#### A Picture Pioneer.

Mr. O'Connor is an old Pressman, and spoke in terms of great admiration of *The Daily Mirror* and *Sunday Pictorial*. He claims to be one of the pioneers of pictorial journalism in the Australian backblocks, for he controlled a paper on the remote West Australian goldfields, and had some entertaining adventures in his attempts to illustrate it with photographs.

#### Explorer as Soldier.

A friend from Uganda tells me that Mr. William N. McMillan has obtained a commission, and is going out to British East Africa soon with a battalion of big game hunters and explorers. Mr. McMillan owns one of the largest estates in Uganda, and has a fine residence near Nairobi, the metropolis of Uganda.



Mr. W. N. McMillan.

#### A Good-Humoured Giant.

He is very wealthy, having inherited a large fortune from his parents in America. Mr. McMillan will be the biggest officer in British East Africa, for he is a giant of a man. A Nairobi friend tells me he is as good-humoured as he is large, which probably is why so many mighty hunters are eager to go out to Uganda with him. Mr. McMillan entertained Colonel Roosevelt when the American politician was hunting in Uganda.

#### "Tommy's" Gratitude.

How touchingly grateful "Tommy" can be shown in an instance given me a day or two ago by a nurse who left England recently with five others to join Dr. James Berry's hospital in fever-stricken Serbia. She had been nursing wounded soldiers in the hospital instituted by Lady Stradbrooke at her beautiful home at Henham Hall, in Suffolk, and left in order to go out to Serbia.

#### Needles and Handkerchiefs.

Two of her patients had needed her particular attention, and before she left England she received from one a dozen handkerchiefs, and from the other a well-filled needle case containing a dozen flannel "pages" of needles of all conceivable sorts and shapes and sizes. But, fearing that even these would be insufficient, he enclosed as well three large packets of assorted needles, each containing about a hundred.

THE RAMBLER.

Says Johnny Knife,  
"I'm keen for life,  
No rust for me again, Sir,  
My heart is right,  
My face is bright,  
I bathe in Old Dutch Cleanser."

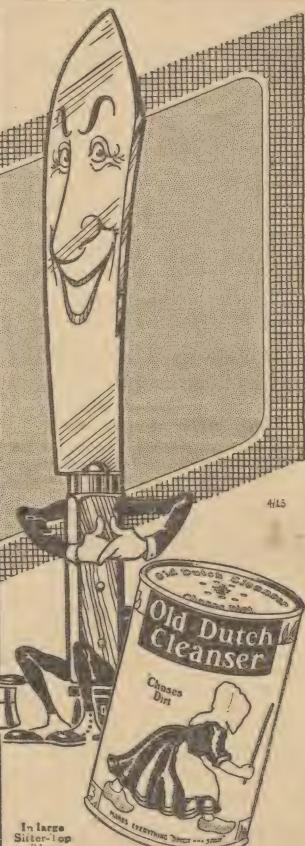
Old Dutch Cleanser  
makes all cleaning light  
—especially SPRING-  
CLEANING—  
Linoleum, Woodwork,  
Crockery, Glass, Cutlery,  
Cooking Utensils,  
Paint—everything.

#### FREE

"THE SPICKANSPAN FOLKS,"  
a Funny Jingle Book with Coloured Pictures, for Children, sent on request to "OLD DUTCH," 28a, Monmouth Street, London, E.C.

**Old Dutch Cleanser**  
Of all Grocers, Oilmen & Ironmongers.

In large Sifter-top tins.





# BEAUTY'S DUTY

## POND'S CREAM and the Perfect Complexion.

The care of the complexion is every woman's duty.

The most beautiful skin becomes sullied and rough by exposure to wind and rain and sun unless protected by a pure and efficacious toilet cream.

Despite numberless imitations, nothing has yet equalled the ORIGINAL VANISHING CREAM prepared by the makers of Pond's Extract.

POND'S Vanishing Cream is applied simply by the finger tips, without massage. It vanishes perfectly, leaving the skin delightfully soft and cool with never a suggestion of artificial aid.

Take proper care of the skin and your complexion will take care of itself. Above all, avoid sticky, greasy, staining compounds that often do irreparable damage. POND'S Vanishing Cream is pure and safe. Apply to the hands to counteract the roughening effect of household duties. Delicately perfumed.

### FREE SAMPLE TUBE.

Send 1d. stamp to cover postage.

Address: POND'S EXTRACT

CO. (Dept. 36),

71, Southampton Row,

LONDON, W.C.

POND'S Vanishing Cream is used by leading Society and Stage Beauties. Artistes of international celebrity, including Pavlova, Tetzazzini, Miss Neilson Terry, and Madam Kirby Lunn are enthusiastic in its praise.

Sold in Tubes at 1/- and in Jars at 1/- & 2/-.



# Pond's Vanishing Cream

## FATHERS AND SONS IN THE SAME BATTALION.



Three fathers (seated) and their three sons, all of whom are officers in the Sport-sman's Battalion.

### RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 11.)

"We have—and we can't afford to lose them," Jardine looked up with fierce eyes at the man's stoic face. "We can't afford to lose them, I say," he reiterated.

"No, sir."

"By the way," he went on, more calmly. "And where the blazes are you?" he demanded furiously. "Not an Englishman, I'll wager, to talk such infernal rubbish! Naturalised Englishman be dashed—do you suppose he'll be anxious to admit that little fact if the Germans get here—not that they ever will, mind you—but supposing they do, for the sake of argument? . . . Do you suppose he'd be waving his naturalisation papers about then and helping us? Not he—he'd be out to the enemy before I could say 'Kerfie!' Bah! I've no patience with such twaddlers . . ."

He glared at the man with such fury that he beat a hasty retreat; Jardine settled his shoulders comfortably again; he was very much ruffled; he kept muttering. "Naturalised grandmother!" under his breath with great scorn...

It was some time before he was sufficiently calm to remember the papers; he took a drink of whisky, and unfolded one of them carefully; it opened at an appallingly long list of casualties.

Old Jardine sighed and his brows contracted.

"Terrible thing! shocking thing! shocking!" he muttered, and then again. "Naturalisation be hanged!"

But he felt decidedly better, and, adjusting his glasses, scanned the roll of honour with

sombre eyes, and the first line that fell under his notice was—

"Died of Wounds, March 1: Pte. Richard Chatterton, —th Guards."

**There will be another splendid instalment to-morrow.**

### A BURGLAR'S CONSCIENCE

A strange plea for another chance was made at London Sessions yesterday by a burglar who was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour. He said he could have got away if he had not stopped to put down several presentation rings of which his conscience forbade him to rob a man.

Prisoner, a decorator named George Martin, was said to have entered a house in Jermyn-street by a roof window and proceeded to collect some pins and other articles of jewellery. He escaped from the room, but was followed and captured by a constable.

He pleaded guilty, and the Queen's Bench said the prisoner, who had a wife and five children, had lived on crime for the last sixteen years.

With an emotional touch the prisoner said that he had collected together some of the prosecutor's rings, but seeing they were "presentation rings" he left them.

"I could have got away," he added, "if I had not stopped to put them down, but I could not rob a man of his presentation rings."

"It may be bad, sir, but still I have a conscience."

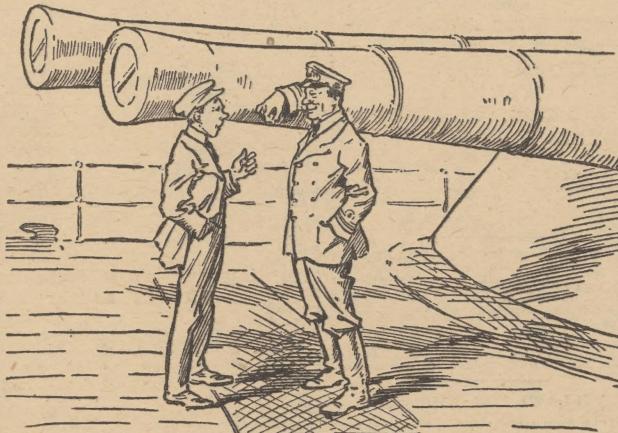
"I had intended to join the Army, and on the day of the robbery my registration papers reached my hands. I had a room in the Army barracks."

"If I had been at home," he continued, "I should now have been in the Army, and should have endeavoured to turn out a better man."

"I have been in difficulty ever since I secured employment as none of the principal firms will employ men who have been in prison. I have had a rare struggle to keep my wife and children."

"If you will give me a chance I will promise

to not abuse your leniency. I will take away my wife and children to some place where I can live down the past."



### CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH IN THE NAVY

SEEKER AFTER KNOWLEDGE: "But how can you see the shell all that way after it leaves the muzzle of the gun?"

GUNNERY LIEUTENANT: "Oh, we clean our shells with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish, which puts a shine on them that we can see for thousands of miles."



ONCE YOU see the new Tobralco designs and colors you will know you can obtain nothing else so thoroughly satisfactory, charming and economical for your wash frocks. One of the Tootal line, Tobralco can always be relied upon.

### TOBRALCO

TOOTALS GUARANTEE IT

BRITISH-MADE COTTON WASH FABRIC

9 3d. a yard for 1<sup>st</sup> Best Black

9 4d. 2d. White and C. lons

10 3d. C. 7-28 inches wide

SOLD BY DRAPERS EVERYWHERE

Write for Free Patterns to  
TOOTALS, Dept. A 20,  
132, Cheapside, London, E.C.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD.  
Manufacturers of Tobralco; Tootal Pique; Tarantelle for daily home-worn lingerie; Liseuse Handkerchiefs; Pyramid Handkerchiefs and Tootal Shaving for men and women

15/-



During the  
Changeable Weather  
the Complexion

if neglected will soon lose its fresh and dainty appearance, but if BEETHAM'S LA-ROLA is regularly applied, the skin gradually becomes impervious to any injury from weather and temperature extremes.

### BEETHAM'S La-rola

effectually prevents and removes all Roughness, Redness, Chaps, Irritation, &c., and will keep the skin and complexion in a permanently clear and healthy condition.

Of all Chemists and Stores  
in bottles, 1/- and 2/6

M. BEETHAM & SON,  
CHELTENHAM.

### PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly improved by just a touch of La-rola Rose Bloom, which gives a perfect natural tint to the skin. No colouring is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-



## FACING DEATH FOR THOSE WHO STRIKE.

Officer's Scorn of Men Who 'Down Tools' While Tommy Fights.

## WAR'S END—CHRISTMAS?

"I have seen some sickening sights—poor beggars!—and yet there are some (I cannot call them men) who are on strike in England. My God! to think of it, in perfect safety, and here are our 'Tommies' facing death every minute for their sake and their homes.

Words fail me, but the impression it has given me cannot be described it.

So writes a well-known officer attached to the Cheshire Territorials at the front in a letter home to a friend.

Of course," he says, at the conclusion of his letter, "I cannot say anything about the operations, but I can express an opinion. I still stick to the old idea—Christmas, 1915, and plum pudding."

### "JOLLY BRAVE FELLOWS."

In the course of his letter, he gives a picture of what it is like to be under shell fire. He writes:—

"I said while I was in England that this war would be a ghastly affair, and I have realised it now. No picture or description can show the desolation which I have passed through.

All damage is done by heavy artillery, and it has to be seen to be believed. A single shell is enough to gut a pair of villas like yours. They seem to come through the roof and high up on the walls, and the shrapnel is everywhere.

Yesterday we moved to a new site, and the Germans started to shell the place. I had forty-two men under my charge, and naturally felt anxious for their safety, so we ran the gauntlet and escaped.

There is no mistaking heavy shells. The first warning you get is a hideous wailing scream high up, and then a crack and a perfect tornado of splinters, birds, and men, all falling in piles, and, sad to say, several of our men have gone, while others are badly wounded.

"I am now machine gun officer, and to-night I am in Headquarters. We are under shell fire and dare not show any light, and can only 'sneak' out a little in the daytime.

"Our officers has just come in. He has been out to fetch us wounded and is dead beat, but has brought all the wounded in. This is a very dangerous and risky job.

"The German trenches are only forty yards away, and they sweep the ground continually with heavy rifle fire, so you can imagine what our men do. They are—I am not bragging—jolly brave fellows, and no words of mine can express my admiration for them."

## 'HAD COME INTO A TITLE.'

Naval Hospital Visitor Said To Have Posed as "Captain Sir James Duggan."

That he falsely represented himself to be a captain in the Royal Horse Artillery was alleged against Robert Gunter, of Drayton-gardens, London, who was remanded yesterday at Rochester Police Court.

It was stated that the accused had described himself as Captain Sir James Duggan.

Lieutenant Alexander Brown, a naval officer, said he knew Gunter at Malta six years ago as Gunter. They recognised each other, and the accused explained that he had come into a title and had changed his name.

He also said he was returning to the front to take up an appointment on the General Staff and that he had received the D.S.O. for helping to capture a trench near Ypres.

The witness admitted that the accused's description of the scenes at the front were consistent with his having been there.

Further evidence showed that the accused visited Chatham Royal Naval Hospital with two naval officers.

He was detained there, and when asked by Chief Constable Arnold if he were Sir James Duggan accused replied: "If you say so, yes." He afterwards admitted his name was Gunter.

It was also stated that defendant had his arm in a sling, but the police surgeon found there was nothing the matter with him.

## DONKEY A WORM COULD STOP.

"My donkey is very gentle, and he would not bark a worm," said James Laurence, a Fulham costermonger, who was fined 7s. 6d. at West London yesterday for being drunk while in charge of a donkey and barrow. "Why, he would not go on if he saw a worm in the road."

## WHAT LADIES PRIZE AND GIRLS NEGLECT.

Care should be exercised in choosing the preparation which is to protect the complexion against the ravages of time and the coarsening effect of sun and wind. Undoubtedly the best is Pomeroy Skin Food, the preparation of the most notable of all Beauty Specialists. It is wonderfully good, cleansing, softening and feeding the skin. For the protection of the youthful complexion Pomeroy Skin Food at eighteenpence the jar is unfailingly successful. Any Chemist can supply it. British-made. (Advt.)

## WAR AND GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

### Belgian Duchess Arrested.

The Belgian Duchess d'Ussel, says Reuter, is stated to have been arrested at Brussels on a charge of assisting Belgians of military age to join the Army.

### Too Late for Guy Fawkes Day.

The War Office has relaxed the prohibition of public firework displays, which may now be given after permission has been obtained by the competent military authorities.

### Airman Chased Into Switzerland.

A French airman, who was pursued by two Taubes, was reported yesterday, says the Central News, to have landed in Swiss territory, where he has been interned.

### Mad to Strike Her.

"I suppose he was obliged to do it," said the magistrate at West London yesterday, when told that a policeman had to use his truncheon in order to secure a woman prisoner.

### Lock That Will Not Disappear.

Though punting machinery has been at work for over a month in the fens of South-West Norfolk, about a dozen square miles of country still remain deeply covered with water.

## YESTERDAY'S RACING.

### Another Belgian Success in Jubilee Hurdle—Outsiders at Lingfield.

The holiday meetings at Birmingham and Manchester were wound up yesterday, but after the huge crowds of Easter Monday the attendances were very small. Rain also kept many people away from Lingfield, where the feature of the racing was the failure of the goalless-backed horses.

Belgian owners were successful at Kempton and Birmingham on Monday, and yesterday Fil d'Ecoss won the Jubilee Hurdle for M. P. Mathieu d'Amour, who was second on the same course yesterday, and the closing of public-houses at ten o'clock had undoubtedly produced a wonderful result."

### Last Two Fatal Hours.

The last two hours of the day were the most fatal in British racing history. In London, said Mr. R. Walling, K.C., at the London Sessions yesterday, "and the closing of public-houses at ten o'clock had undoubtedly produced a wonderful result."

### Curate Enlists.

At St. Peter's Vestry meeting, at Chester, yesterday, the rector stated that his curate, the Rev. C. J. Jackson, M.A., had enlisted. Mr. Jackson has joined the Sportsman's Battalion at Romford.

### Public Trustee's Son Killed.

Second-Lieutenant John M. Stewart (Irish Guards), who was reported yesterday as having been killed in action, was the younger son, aged nineteen, of Mr. C. J. Stewart, the Public Trustee, and Lady Mary Stewart.

### Death Sentence on Pigeon.

For keeping a homing pigeon without permission Christian Yaeger, a specialised German porkbutcher, was sentenced at Liverpool yesterday to a month's imprisonment, the magistrate ordering also that the bird should be destroyed.

### Two Late Fatal Hours.

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## "STUCK TO HIS DUTY."

General's Praise of Corporal Who Rescued Wounded Comrades Under Fire.

A gallant soldier had the Distinguished Conduct Medal pinned on his breast by Brigadier-General Nugent at a special parade of the reserve battalion of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry at Hull yesterday.

The soldier in question was Corporal Warriow, of the 2nd Battalion, and the medal was awarded for bravery at Le Cateau and Missy-en-Aisne, in carrying wounded comrades to safety.

Instead he returned several times to the firing line and rescued wounded men.

Although wounded himself in stuck to his duty.

During the battle of the Marne he again distinguished himself by carrying wounded comrades from the firing line. He was finally wounded himself and invalided home.

You would never wash your face as cruelly as some people wash their liver.

There are two ways to deal with a liver that is behind its work, obstructed at its outlet and unable to cope with the wastes and toxins accumulating in the blood.

One way is by kindness. The other and commoner way is by cruelty.

The kind way is represented by Cockle's Pills.

The cruel way is by the irritating drugs contained in ordinary pills.

The tired liver-cells are toiling with all their strength, yet baffled

Cruelly to your Liver is cruelly to yourself. Try kindness, and

## Cockle's Pills

Sold by Chemists throughout the World, 1/11 and 29.

JAMES COCKLE & CO., 4, Great Ormond Street, LONDON, W.C.

## CURED OF RUPTURE

### THESE MEN ARE NOW FIGHTING FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

FRANCE.

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RUSSIA.

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# VALUABLE PICTURE ABSOLUTELY FREE

TO EVERY READER OF "THE DAILY MIRROR."



"THE HOME OF THE DEER."  
By G. Willoughby.

## PRESENTATION COUPON

Entitling the Reader to ONE FREE Fine-Art Plate of "The Home of the Deer," from the Original Painting by G. Willoughby, the Engraved surface measuring 16 by 11 inches, on Plate Paper 22 by 18 inches.

To M. COLBAN-EWART, THE BRITISH ART ASSOCIATION, LTD.,

251, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.

Sir.—Please forward me the picture of "THE HOME OF THE DEER," from the Original Painting by G. Willoughby, together with your ILLUSTRATED LIST OF ART PRODUCTIONS. Enclosed is the nominal fee of 6d. by Postal Order (or stamps 7d.), to cover registration and cost of case, packing and carriage to my address, no charge being made for the picture itself.

Name .....

Address .....

Please write clearly.

A limited number of the above Plates can be had, if desired, PAINTED BY HAND IN WATER COLOURS BY A FIRST-CLASS ARTIST for the merely nominal sum of 3s. 6d. each. Money returned IN FULL if not approved. All applications should be plainly addressed:—

**M. COLBAN-EWART,**

THE BRITISH ART ASSOCIATION, LTD., 251, Kensington High St., London, W.

## LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**ADEPHN**, Strand. **TO-DAY**, at 2 and 8. **MR. GEORGE EDWARDS**' Revival of **VERONIQUE**, a Comic Opera. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2. **BURGESS**, OFFICE, 10-11, Tel. 2645 and 2688. **GE**.

**AMBASSADOR'S**, BODS AND BODS. **TO-DAY**, at 8. **GRATIAN**, 9. **Viola Tree in Bloom for Eight**, by E. F. Benson, 8.40. **Mat.**, Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.

**APOLLO**—**AT 2.30 and 8.30.** **MR. CHARLES HAWTHREY**, **THE RUSSELL**, **RAVEN**, R. H. **CARTON**.

**AT 2 and 8.** **CHAR. CORN**, Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2. **DRURY LANE**, **SEALED ORDERS**, 1.45 and 7.30. **MARIE ARNAUD**, **EDWARD SASS**, **MATINEE**, WEDS., SAT. 1.45.

Prices: Reserved, 7s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. **DUKE OF YORK'S**, **EVERY EVENING**, 7.30. **Frohnhofer**, **PRINCE MILLE**, G. **DEBEN** in **ROSY**, 8.30. **MR. ARTHUR**, **THE PRIDE OF THE BEAUTY CHORUS**, 8.30. **MR. BURKE**, **PREPARED** for **THE NEW WORD**, by J. M. Morris, Mats., Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.

**GARRICK**—**TO-DAY**, at 8. **YVONNE ARNAUD**, **GE** (9.15).

**TO-DAY**, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., **THE GIRL IN THE PINK**, 2.30.

**RETURN OF THE WOLF**, **ARNAUD** in **"Suzanne."**

**GLOBE**, **TO-DAY**, 2.30. **EVANS**, 8.15. **Mat.**, **Wed.**, **Sat.**, 2.30. **MISSE LAURETT TAYLOR** in **PEG O'MY HEART**, 8.30. **HAYMARKET**, **AT 2.30, 8.30**. **MR. FRED LIEUTENANT**, **THE TWO WERKS**.

**ALLAN ANNEWSWORTH**, **ELLIS JEFFREYS**, **GODFREY TEARLE**, Mats., Thurs., Sat. Prices, 7s. to 7s. 6d.

**HIS MAJESTY'S**, **WITH COPPERFIELD**, **TO-DAY**, **SIR THOMAS Tree**, (Last 2 Weeks).

**TO-DAY**, at 2 and 8. **MATINEE**, WEDS., SATS., at 2. **LITTLE (City 4927)**—**AT 2.30**, **THE LADY**, 2.30, 8.30. **AS OLD AS YOU PLEASE**, **AT 2.30**, **MATINEE**, WEDS., SATS., at 2.30. **LYRIC**, **TO-DAY**, 2.30 and 8. **FLORODORA**.

**EVIE ANNIS** as **Dolores**, **Mat.**, **Weds.**, **Sats.**, **ROYALTY**, **AT 2.30 and 8.30**. **WILLIAM TELL**, **AT 2.30**.

**EDDIE**, **AT 8.15**. **MR. H. B. IRVING**, **IN SEARCH OF A SONG**, **AT 2.30**, **WED.**, **SAT.**, **THE PLUMBERS**, **AT 2.30**, **WED.**, **SAT.**, **THE BACHELOR**, **AT 2.30**, **WED.**, **SAT.**, **THE NORTH SEA BATTLES**, **etc.**

**SHAFTEBURY**, **AT 2.30**. **WILLIAM H. HOFFMANN**, **TALES OF HOFFMANN**, **AT 2.30**.

**TO-NIGHT**, at 2. **WILLIAM H. HOFFMANN**, **STRAND**, **TO-DAY**, at 2.30. **THE SWEET HOME OF DR. DRUZY**, **AT 2.30**.

**JULIA NEILSON**, **AT 2.30**. **FREE**, **GERALD**, **AT 2.30**.

**YVONNE ARNAUD**, **AT 2.30 and 8.45**. **MR. H. B. IRVING**, **IN SEARCH OF A SONG**, **AT 2.30**, **WED.**, **SAT.**, **THE PLUMBERS**, **AT 2.30**, **WED.**, **SAT.**, **THE BACHELOR**, **AT 2.30**, **WED.**, **SAT.**, **THE NORTH SEA BATTLES**, **etc.**

**ELsie JANIS**, **ARTHUR PLAIN**, **BASIL HALLAN**, **RONALD KIRK**, **GENTLEMAN**, **EDWARD**, **etc.** **AT 2.30**, **WED.**, **SAT.**, **FRANK FOSTER**, **etc.**, **MATINEE**, **WEDS.** and **SATS.**, **AT 2.30**.

**PALLADIUM**, **AT 2.30 and 8.00**. **MATINEES**, **MON.**, **WED.**, **AT 2.30**. **MR. BOEY**, **PERCY HONI** in his **1915 REVUE**, **WHITE CUNIFLIE**, **RAMSES**, **3 MAHERS**, **DAUNTON**, **EDWARD**, **etc.**

**DEVANT**, **THE DEVANT MISTERRIES**, **ST. GEORGE'S HALL**, **W.**, **DAILY**, **2.30 and 8. HOLIDAY PROGRAMME**, **"The Curious Case"**, **etc.** **SEATS**, **1s. 6d.** (15s. **Mayfair**).

## PERSONAL.

**HAIR** permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—**Florence Wood**, 105, **Regent**, **W.** **WANTED**—10,000 readers of this paper to send a copy of **"The Overseas Daily Mirror"** to their friends abroad. A 1s. 6d. premium will be sent to friends costs 10s. and to all other parts of the world 1s.

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Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum 2 lines.

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Camels Used as Ambulances in the Desert: Picture.

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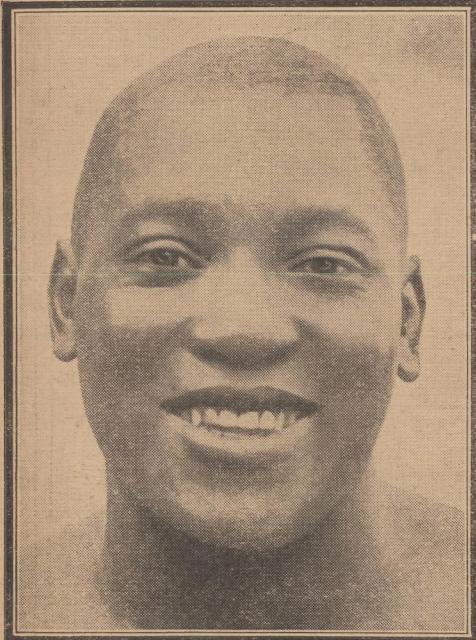
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THE SMILE THAT HAS COME OFF: JACK JOHNSON KNOCKED OUT BY WILLARD.

24673A

P-17067



Johnson always likes to show his gold teeth.

After holding the title of world's boxing champion since 1908, Jack Johnson has been knocked out. He met Jess Willard, the giant Kansas cowboy, at Havana, and in the



Willard in cowboy's dress playing cards. He is 6ft. 6in. in height, and weighs 161st.

twenty-sixth round received a terrific right swing to the jaw, which put him down. During the whole of the contest the crowd jeered at the coloured boxer.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN HOSPITAL TRAIN.

91172T

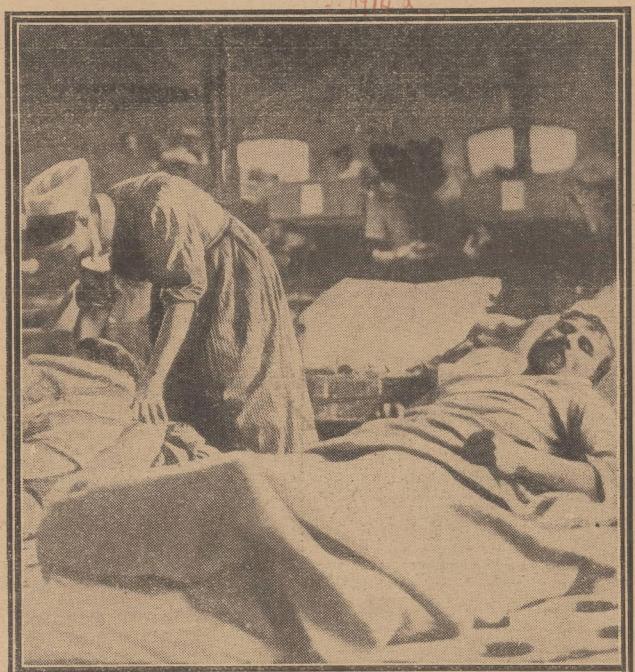
P-144



Ward inside the new hospital train which has been designed by Sir John Farley and Mr. W. J. Fieldhouse. It was inspected yesterday by Princess Christian, whose name it bears. She is seen in the circle.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

WOUNDED WITH ONLY BOARDS TO LAY ON.

91176L



One of the many British nurses who are doing such splendid work in the Serbian hospitals. Medical comforts and equipment, however, are badly needed by our Allies, and these men have only boards to lie upon.